★ JOHN BULL, MAY 25, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1771

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BEVIN'S FIRST BIG JOB

CHALLENGE TO ALL HUMANITY by A.G.G.

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?

"BRIGHTER WASHING FOR HALF THE COST!"

WHITES AND COLOUREDS SPARKLE LIKE THE GENERAL'S BUTTONS!

Oxydol is the marvellous new granulated soap that gives you twice the lather you get with the usual small packets of ordinary soap powder. That's why Oxydol makes every wash a picture of brightness! Whites *or* coloureds, when Oxydol's *extra* lather has been on the job there won't be a brighter clothes-line in the road than yours! So call in Oxydol today!

WASH FOR VICTORY!

Thrifty housewives, save money! Thanks to Oxydol's amazing *extra* lather you can do up to twice as much washing for your money! Just look what *one* package of Oxydol did for a Reading housewife, Mrs. Woodhead:

Big weekly wash. Week's washing-up. Washing eight electric light shades. Bathroom paintwork. 4 dusters and 2 aprons. Fireplaces, mantelpiece and dresser.

Use Oxydol and get double the washing for *your* money!

ROLL AWAY CLOUDS!

We mean the clouds and smears that old washing-up methods leave on glass and china! Oxydol's *extra* lather whisks away smears and grease in just half the time . . . leaves every plate and fork shining like a summer's day! And . . . a pinch of Oxydol washes a bowlful of crocks, so reckon up what a money-saving that is!

OXYDOL WASHES BRIGHTER GOES F-A-R-T-H-E-R

Oxydol is on sale at all shops: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

"I'm a real tonic aren't I"

He's a 'plus' dog, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes. What a dog! What a friend! . . . And all because mistress conditions him every day with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which by *purifying the blood*, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S condition powders

From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets 6d. & 1/-

Put a pound on the value of your cycle for 1/-

The value of well-kept secondhand cycles has gone up by leaps and bounds, and will rise still further as the cost of new cycles advances. A shabby cycle never fetches much, but you can put a £1 on its value if you paint it with ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH. Remember, a 1/- tin will do the job and do it well, for this wonderful paint is so easy to apply, dries in four hours and produces a finish that is durable, washable and as smooth and brilliant as plate glass.

do it now with

ROBBIALAC

SYNTHETIC FINISH

Obtainable from all the shops of Currys Ltd., The Halford Cycle Co. Ltd., and all the leading Cycle Accessory Dealers, Garages and Paint Shops

Now father's using 'Steradent' too!

When father first tried 'Steradent' he was delighted. He merely had to steep his false teeth in it overnight (or while he dressed) and then rinse them. The results were amazing. Even persistent tobacco stains disappeared. Now he uses 'Steradent' regularly to keep his false teeth clean and sterilized, free from film and stain. It is obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9d. tins.

HOW TO DO IT
Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

The decisive struggle has begun in earnest. Our fighting forces are at grips with the enemy — at grips with all the armed power, the brutality and treachery that Hitler can bring to bear. **No one among us can feel safe again until this fight has been won.**

Calm courage and inflexible determination to win this war will be our answer to the challenge. But what can we stay-at-homes **do?**

The answer is plain. We must throw the whole of our resources into the fight **now.**

Get this clear — every National Savings Certificate and Defence Bond you take up is a blow at Hitler and his foul plans for the conquest and enslavement of us all. Every War Savings Group is a fortress firing volley after volley against the enemy. The Post Office Savings Bank and the Trustee Savings Banks are defence lines that we ordinary folk, men, women and children can garrison with our savings.

Now is the testing time. Surely, the least we can do is to back up the men who are risking their lives to defend us. Turn out your pockets and purses. Go without everything that can be given up or postponed. Your savings are needed **now.** Put all you can into National Savings **today.**

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 25, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

DUCE DODGES: ADOLF RAGES

AS great armies clash and sway in Belgium, and the British Fleet fires its biggest guns on Mediterranean "manœuvres," Signor Mussolini performs mental somersaults.

Twice in one day he changed his mind about going to war.

Then, with the opportunism that has always marked his career, he decided to wait and see.

If Flanders fighting promised his Axis partner a swift victory, he would order his waiting troops to attack Switzerland. If the offensive failed, he'd again show the Allies a little "friendliness."

His Number's Up!

Hitler fumed and raged. He tried to telephone Mussolini from his new G.H.Q. behind the front.

It took hours to clear the lines. Then, strangely, something went wrong at the Italian trunk exchange and the connection could not be made.

So Berlin had to put the ordinary diplomatic machinery in operation. The German ambassador hastened to the Palazzo Venezia. Mussolini was bland but unhelpful.

Pro-Nazi Press

He pointed out that his public was not yet ready for war. But that would be put right within a day or two.

People who failed to show enthusiasm for the slaughter of Italian youth were being arrested. Children were given a school holiday to shout "Down with the Allies."

Italy's lickspittle Press was excelling itself in wordy sneers at the democracies and fulsome praise of the German army.

Nazi claims were printed on the front page in biggest type, Allied communiqués hidden away on the back page in tiny type.

Yet Hitler wasn't satisfied.

Annoyed by Spain

Harassed by appalling toll levied on his supplies by the R.A.F. and by Mussolini's hesitations, he was further angered by breakdown of his diplomacy in Spain and Bulgaria.

Last week he tried desperately to fetch Spain into the war to attack France in the rear.

Madrid Espionage

His hopes rested on his friend Senor Suner, whose power in Spain is little less than that of Franco himself.

Through him, German and Italian policy influences the Cabinet, radio, Press and industry. Italian officers are attached to the General Staff, German and Italian war material remains from the civil war, the Minister for War has called for a strong army ready for the field.

Gestapo is strong, Hitler has his own Fifth Column in Madrid.

Keeping Well Out!

Yet he found that neither Franco nor Suner was eager to take the plunge, knowing that Spain is still exhausted from her own conflict.

All that happened was further anti-Allied attacks by newspaper and radio.

Bulgars Shocked

Down south, Bulgaria refused to come to heel.

Wearing of British and Dutch uniforms by Nazi parachutists had shocked the clean-fighting Bulgars; Italy's bellicosity angered them, for they had always counted on Italy preserving Balkan peace.

So a surprising thing happened.

Bulgaria turned to Russia for help in keeping war from her doorstep.

U.S. Coalition

Further thrust at the dictators came from the United States.

Strong hint came from Washington that the States might soon have a Coalition Government with Roosevelt at its head.

Still stronger was the hint that the States would shortly declare herself, like Italy, not neutral but non belligerent, would supply aeroplanes with pilots to the Allies and raise the credit ban.

Inflation Already

Imprudently, the Reichsbank made it clear why Hitler must win within a few months or be hurled to disaster.

Officially announced that the note circulation in Germany has reached the staggering figure of 12,480,000,000 marks, the peak since the days of the ruinous inflation.

Gold and foreign currency in the bank has fallen from 2,283 million marks in 1929 to only 77 million.

The paper money is not backed by gold.

In short, inflation is already sweeping the Fatherland.

Don't Believe 'Em

In this dilemma, Hitler has ordered Goebbels to foment a new Lie Campaign in Britain.

Be on your guard, therefore, against a fresh crop of rumours—particularly against a tale that our aircraft factories cannot get raw materials and aircraft production has virtually ceased.

Keep Your Eye on Russia

● **Aliens round-up was made on advice of Scotland Yard. Definite evidence of Fifth Column plans for sabotage and co-operation with parachutists has been unearthed.**

● **Despite reported breakdown of Anglo-Russian trade negotiations, big moves continue behind the scenes. Likely that Britain will even buy all Russia's surplus exports.**

● *End of Berlin-Moscow pact predicted by us, will soon be made clear by open denunciation of Nazi policy by Stalin.*

● **Urgent reports from American Secret Service (whose predictions of Axis moves have been infallible) caused President Roosevelt to send Note to Italy last week. Mussolini was furious.**

● **Other reports to the President are expected to result in suppression of Nazi organisation in the States.**

● *Hitler himself devised plan to drive King Victor Emmanuel, no friend of the Axis, from Italy. Ciano opposes it, fearful of its effect on public opinion.*

● **All Dutch rolling stock has been rushed to Germany, where rail chaos grows worse. Nazis are hanging on to 20,000 wagons that should have been returned to Balkan States weeks ago. No war can be won without good lines of communications.**

● **Feeling the loss of Jewish doctors and scientists, Hitler is to offer political and social rights to German Jews caught in Holland if they will work for him.**

● *Murder squads have been formed to "liquidate" leaders of anti-Nazi Germans abroad. One such squad in France has been arrested.*

Parachute Invasion

Anthony Eden's quick, almost breathless, organisation of the anti-parachute corps is another blow to Nazi complacency.

Von Keitel, Hitler's Chief of Staff, had planned parachute invasion of Britain at the end of next month.

It may still come—but chances against its success are obviously overwhelming.

Coastline Danger

All eyes on the sky for parachutists, but what about our coastline?

Huge stretches of lonely beach exist where it would be possible for small craft or rubber boats from submarines (remember Casement) to land saboteurs.

Our £40,000,000 minefield along the coast is powerful protection.

Our coast watchers should be increased.

To the Attack!

While Mr. Churchill was broadcasting his grim but confident message to the world, General Weygand was bounding up the steps of the French War Office to plan a new, audacious counterstroke to the Nazi advance.

Paris and London have agreed that the Allies will no longer stand on the defensive. Henceforth, whenever circumstances permit, they will take the offensive.

Hitler, exhausting his supplies, lengthening his vulnerable lines, is in a position that may be turned to his disaster.

We Must Conquer

German losses have been colossal, are increasing out of all proportion to those of the Allies.

French troops have shown that they are still the world's best fighters.

The R.A.F., carrying the war into Germany itself, has met with such astonishing success that its actions may prove the decisive factor of the war.

Make no mistake. We're in a difficult patch. But if we hold out the enemy may soon be in a worse one. Hold out and conquer we shall!

(Continued overleaf.)

"BRITAIN WILL NOW BE BOMBED"—Berlin Radio

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Continued from previous page

Greatly increased powers have been given to the Ministry of Supply. Herbert Morrison demanded them as a condition of taking office.

He is going to make a clean sweep of people who elbowed themselves into soft jobs at the Ministry for which they had no qualifications.

Call for Women

Spring-cleaning of Government offices is insignificant compared to the biggest-ever increase in arms production planned by Morrison, Lord Beaverbrook and Ernest Bevin.

Plant that has been idle since war began is to start at once. The extra million women for industry—a demand made months ago but never followed up—will soon be needed.

Bevin has made sure they will get men's pay for doing men's work.

Training the Unskilled

There will be a wide extension of the training scheme for recruits to the aircraft industry.

One firm has just opened a school for instructing unskilled workers, many of them men over military age, in jobs that do not need expert craftsmanship.

The course lasts six weeks, is proving highly successful.

Hush-Hush Fighter

Our aircraft designers are unperturbed by Nazi boasts of a new Heinkel fighter.

This hush-hush machine is believed to be merely the He. 112, an old single-seater, rejected in favour of the Messerschmidt 109, which has suffered more heavily than any other machine.

R.A.F. machines fly rings round it.

So the He. 112 has been trotted out again. Heavily armed, it carries two shell guns and two machine-guns, but is inferior in performance to R.A.F. opposite number.

"Parashoot" Men

Astonishing response to Anthony Eden's brief but inspiring appeal for anti-parachute volunteers has pleased the Bishop of Chelmsford as much as the War Office.

The bishop suggested the scheme months ago, was scornfully turned down by Mr. Eden's predecessor.

Worth noting is the courtesy shown to volunteers by police working overtime without extra pay.

Presumably, the police in rural areas have been armed in readiness. They should be. And could not the services of A.A. and R.A.C. road scouts be used in the new scheme?

Gun Licence Boom

Police have been busily handing out revolver licences at many stations.

Obvious danger is that some applicants might be Fifth Columnists.

Are credentials being carefully checked?

War Office, Please Note

Another danger (and one difficult to remedy) is that friendly aliens might be mistaken for parachutists if Hitler attempts an invasion.

Many of these men have joined the Army, and many speak faulty English.

Since we know that parachutists might wear British uniforms, you don't need much imagination to see what might happen if a zealous "parashooter" met a British soldier speaking with a strong German accent.

Be Watchful!

Everyone can help. Report to the nearest police station or policeman anything that arouses suspicion. The police won't laugh.

Enemy may resort to tricks that the unwary would consider far-fetched. In the last war hawkers sold vases and other ornaments to French housewives at bargain prices

● NO MORE WHITEHALL PASSENGERS
● NAZI HUSH - HUSH FIGHTERS FAIL
● GET A GUN, HERE'S A PARACHUTIST
● SOLDIERS GO BACK TO ARMOUR

Underneath vases were figures giving the range of near-by military targets.

Invading troops went straight to houses, picked up ornaments, and obtained vital information.

Armour for Troops

Fresh effort is being made to get official consideration for Mr. Kenneth Walker's idea of chest armour for our troops.

Mr. Walker, a famous surgeon, points out that most chest and heart wounds are fatal, caused the majority of last war's casualties.

He advocates a thin breast-plate of light metal. Some German shock troops are provided with a similar guard.

For Their Eyes

Mr. Lindsay Rea, a distinguished eye surgeon, and a chemist have devised another protective measure that should get immediate attention.

It is a pellet, little bigger than an ordinary pill, that needs only to be moistened to form an ointment which, rubbed into the eyes, would save the sight of men affected by mustard gas.

Since it could easily be carried in a pocket, there seems no reason why it should not form part of every man's equipment.

Visors = 1940 Style

United States Army has a metal visor in three sections covering the soldier's head and forehead.

Its curves deflect any bullets.

Constant machine-gun fire is said to have failed to penetrate it.

Gangster Methods

Probably American gangsters, with their sawn-off shotguns, gave Nazi gangsters the idea of fighting with automatic guns.

Some people think the Allies should also discard rifle and bayonet. They forget that our infantry are now fully equipped with Bren guns as light as German arms.

New flame-throwing tank on which the Nazis place great hopes was known to the French last autumn and countered by invention of a new anti-tank gun.

Meuse battle has proved the superiority of British tanks and armoured cars.

Home Front Welcome

Warm welcome has been given to Dutch and Belgian refugees. But isn't it odd that they should be billeted in London while our own children are being sent to the country?

There is surely room enough for refugees in the West Country.

He Hasn't Heard

In the months of grim struggle that lie ahead before an Allied victory is assured we must realise that sacrifice has to be made at home as well as in the front line.

Some people apparently find that hard to realise.

Although a Beckenham, Kent, shop assistant has been fined for selling an extra half-pound of butter, and a soldier at near-by West Wickham had to make shift on his mother's rations when he came home on leave, a flitch of bacon has been presented to a married couple at a West Wickham fair.

Maybe, the donor hasn't heard of the war.

The Other Rats

That isn't the only sort of waste allowed to continue unchecked.

Don't forget the rat. He destroys £70,000,000 of food a year.

In war time his menace is increased because of big new food dumps and because public authorities, busy with emergency duties, ease up on protective measures.

But a big anti-rat campaign would be well worth the time, its expenditure amply repaid.

No Need to Grouse

Although the Fighting Forces are even busier, they must see that not a single man in uniform has a legitimate grouse.

One young soldier, taken ill, is said to have been ordered back to work by the Medical Officer without examination.

Later he fainted, was moved to hospital.

There he failed to draw his pay, had to borrow a stamp from a nurse to write home.

After three weeks he is still without pay.

Mistakes are bound to happen in a great organisation.

What really matters is that they should be rectified quickly.

How Does This Happen!

Again, an R.A.F. man is stopped £1 3s. 6d. a week for his wife's support in a Yorkshire mental hospital.

How he can be expected to rub along on the remaining 7s. 6d. a week we don't know. We do not understand why the civil authorities are able to get their dues automatically stopped from his pay.

But we'd like to know.

Road-Rail Rivalry

Useless competition must be scrapped in war time. Who doesn't agree with that? But who in his senses can agree to building up a monopoly that cannot handle all the business entrusted to it?

That is happening in the transport industry. Latest example brought to our notice concerns a Staffordshire firm of road contractors allowed so little petrol that it cannot convey goods urgently needed by ordnance factories.

Authority says that the goods must go by rail.

But the railways say they haven't enough containers, don't know when the goods can be moved.

What folly to hold up our war effort in order to increase rail profits!

No Reds Here

New anti-Red action is being taken by trade union leaders in the munitions industries, where agitators have been trying to foment unofficial strikes and general discontent.

Fred Smith, the engineers' leader, has ordered that any shop steward who takes part in Communist conferences shall be dismissed.

Blum Knows Too

M. Leon Blum's remarks on this subject deserve to be quoted at every union meeting: **"I do not know what will happen to capitalism if we lose this war, but I do know what will happen to Socialism if the Nazis win.**

"Where this mechanised Attila has passed, every workers' movement and institution has been destroyed."

To which he might have added that the Nazis have also degraded their middle classes to a poverty greater than that of our poorest unskilled workers.

A CHALLENGE TO ALL HUMANITY

A. G. GARDINER

declares our battle-cry on the Home Front now must be "One people, one Government and one goal—VICTORY!"

THESE are times that try men's souls. They call for stout hearts, firm minds and the courageous facing of stark realities.

The reality which is most urgent at the moment is the peril to the home front and the action which is needed to combat it.

This is vital not only for our own security but also because it involves the issue of the war.

What is meant will best be realised if we keep clear in our minds the nature of Hitler's great gamble.

He has staked all on a lightning war, driven home with such violence and such concentration of every available force as to be irresistible, complete and final.

He must have victory this summer or he loses the war. He loses it because, if his gamble fails his power will have passed its maximum, while that of the Allies will grow from strength to strength.

Hitler is like a sprint runner who relies upon a sudden whirlwind of speed: the Allies are like the long distance runner who starts slowly, gathers pace and finishes at his fastest.

The contrast is due to the different resources of the combatants.

Air power is the trump card on which Hitler relies for victory. It is sudden, swift, terrifying.

Witness the experience of Rotterdam and The Hague—swept by bombs and captured in an hour or two by a rain of enemies from the skies.

ISSUE IN BALANCE

SEA power is the Allies' chief weapon. It commands all the resources of the world and in the end it is irresistible.

But it is slow. It takes time to gather momentum and to deliver its final blow.

AND THE ISSUE IN THIS WAR IS WHETHER HITLER CAN SNATCH A VICTORY BY TERROR FROM THE AIR BEFORE SEA POWER CAN GATHER ITS POWER TO DEFEAT HIM.

This issue is in the balance now. It will be decided in months, perhaps in weeks.

It will be decided by the Forces in the field, in the air, on the sea, and not least by the people of France and the people of Britain at home.

This war, as I said last week, engulfs us all. Whatever our age or sex or occupation, we are in the fighting line, and upon our bearing in these tremendous days will depend whether freedom is to live or to perish from the earth.

Let us see that we play our part manfully.

Our part is this: To sustain with grim fortitude the shock that is coming; to bear any sacrifice, whether of life or limb, home or kindred, fortune or happiness without thought of surrender; to keep the soul of this country firm as a rock until the tempest has exhausted itself.

It will help us to do this if we remember the alternative. Should the new Attila and his Huns win there would be nothing that we value in life left to live for—neither justice nor freedom, neither the sanctities of home nor the consolations of religion, neither material wealth nor spiritual life.

We should be slaves of the most hideous tyranny that the mind of demons ever conceived, a tyranny symbolised by the unspeakable Gestapo.

REMEMBER THE FATE OF THE CZECHS AND THE POLES, DESPOILED, TORTURED, SHOT, HERDED IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS, DRIVEN INTO SLAVERY BY THE THOUSAND AND TEN THOUSAND.

AND, SHOULD HITLER SUCCEED IN BEATING US TO OUR KNEES, THEIR FATE WOULD BE LIGHT COMPARED WITH OURS.

For apart from the insane hatred of this country which possesses Hitler, our fall would be the consummation of the dream of Prussian militarism and German professors for half a century.

BARBAROUS GOAL

BRITAIN'S free and civilised Empire has been the one insuperable bar to the barbarous goal of world conquest, and our punishment would be measured out with the venom of delayed ambition.

THE INVASION OF THIS COUNTRY HAS LONG BEEN THE DREAM OF THE MILITANT GERMAN; BUT MOLTKE DISMISSED IT WITH THE REMARK THAT HE COULD SEE A SCORE OF WAYS OF LANDING AN ARMY IN ENGLAND, BUT HE COULD NOT SEE ONE WAY OF GETTING IT OUT WHEN IT HAD GOT IN.

Only the command of the sea could provide that.

But the aeroplane has revived the idea, and invasion in force by air for the purposes of destruction and terrorism is imminent.

It is this ordeal that will test the nerve and spirit of the home front.

The experience of Poland, Norway, Holland and Belgium has revealed the technique of treachery, cunning and brutality which the barbarians employ in this phase of warfare, and the home front, apart from our air defences, should be well equipped to deal with it.

In the light of what has happened, our watch on the machinations of the Fifth Column must be rigorous and ceaseless.

Sir John Anderson has tightened up our precautions in this respect, but much remains to be done.

There are certain well-known extremists whose activities should long since have put them under control, and it is monstrous that in such a crisis propaganda papers should be allowed to abuse the freedom of the Press and preach defeatism in our midst.

DANGER SCOTCHED

NOR is it to be tolerated that when brave men are dying to save the liberties of mankind peace cranks should be permitted to preach and organise against the defence of the nation.

It is no answer to say that these people are sincere and well-meaning. So, doubtless, were the Quislings of Norway and Holland.

They were sincere and well-meaning friends of Germany, and the desolation and defeat of two free countries are their handiwork.

Mr. Eden's prompt action in regard to the parachute peril should scotch that particular danger.

NOT A VILLAGE IN THE COUNTRY TO-DAY SHOULD BE WITHOUT ITS ARMED SQUAD TO DEAL WITH THESE MARAUDERS SHOULD THEY COME.

LAMENTABLE WASTAGE

WE have seen a lamentable wastage and mal-distribution of labour and a deplorable competition in wage rates regardless of the necessities of the war.

These and similar evils that menace our efficiency should be ruthlessly abolished now that Labour shares the Government and that Mr. Ernest Bevin, whose inclusion in the Cabinet I have long advocated, is in control of the vital Labour front.

The man at the lathe should not be "doing well" out of the war while his fellow at the front is risking his life for a pittance. (These and other evils are fully dealt with by the Editor on pages 12 and 13.)

Further, with the national purpose now embodied in a truly National Government, we must bow without murmur to whatever sacrifice we are called on to make.

Finally, there is the duty which we can all help to fulfil. It is to keep our courage high, to consecrate our all to the cause and, come what may, to stand fast and endure all things until this terror has been overthrown.

What's Going On?

WE have always talked vaguely of habits as being divided into two groups, good habits and bad; now we are finding that happiness depends on really understanding what habits mean, how they are formed and how they are broken.

A habit is formed when something has been done so often and so regularly that it no longer requires any conscious thought. It is done automatically.

More than half our lives is run on these automatic lines. If it wasn't, we should never get anything done. All our energy would be taken up wondering how to do things.

Habit is essential.

To-day our habits are being broken and interrupted. We have to do without things to which we had grown accustomed. We have to do things to which we are not accustomd, we have to stop doing things, we have to turn our lives upside down and inside out.

The result is irritability and bewilderment.

The first thing to do is to recognise what is happening.

When one habit is broken, put another in its place. Do it deliberately. Do it because you know what you're doing.

Get your will-power to work. Force yourself to like what you have to do instead of resenting what you have to miss. Make a habit of liking what you have. Put that habit in place of the habit of longing for what you haven't got.

Contentment is just as much a habit as anything else. It can be cultivated.

Keep a firm grip on the fact that you are habit's master, not its slave.

EXCLUSIVE STORIES OF THE GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE R.A.F.

"Curly" Takes On Nine Nazi Fighters

"John Bull's" War Correspondent meets the daring young men who in the last few days of fierce fighting are saving civilisation. Outnumbered sometimes, but never outfought, they have shown Goering's air armada that it is no match for their courage and tenacity.

CURLY was sitting on a stretcher with some of the wing spars of his own Lysander machine sticking out of his shoulder trying to remember what happened after he baled out.

Half conscious when he jumped from the fluttering wreck of his ship, he must have fainted after pulling the rip-cord of the parachute.

Anyway, he was carried from the field where he landed to the nearest field ambulance station by Belgian peasants. And he returned to consciousness to find that he'd dislocated his hip—among other things.

Ambulances had borne him to the base hospital where I saw him, a happy young man despite his discomfort.

At last he'd had a smack at those "perishing blue-pencil Nazis." For months he'd been as unhappy as a healthy young man could be. There'd been nothing to do but take photographs. He had photographed everything that could be photographed from his squadron's station to Berlin and back.

Then hostilities started.

German tanks were pushing through Belgium to meet the Allied advance.

"Gort's found us a job," shouted Curly as he raced out to his ship with the other fellows of his squadron.

*

THEY'D been told to get vital information of the enemy's progress, position and numbers—and to do a bit of "ground straffing" if they had the chance.

If they had the chance!

On the fringe of the Ardennes they met the first German columns. And then the sky in front of them darkened as they ran into ten squadrons of Messerschmitt 109's.

"The sky was black with them," said Curly, "and they chucked everything except the bucket at us."

Curly "sailed in."

A wounded observer told me how Curly took on nine Messerschmitts, yet he was flying only a Lysander, an "army kite" that is supposed to keep out of trouble.

By twisting, turning, and "standing on the tail" of his more manœuvrable machine, he brought one and another of his three guns to bear.

The Nazis thought the Lysander was "money for jam," and came too close.

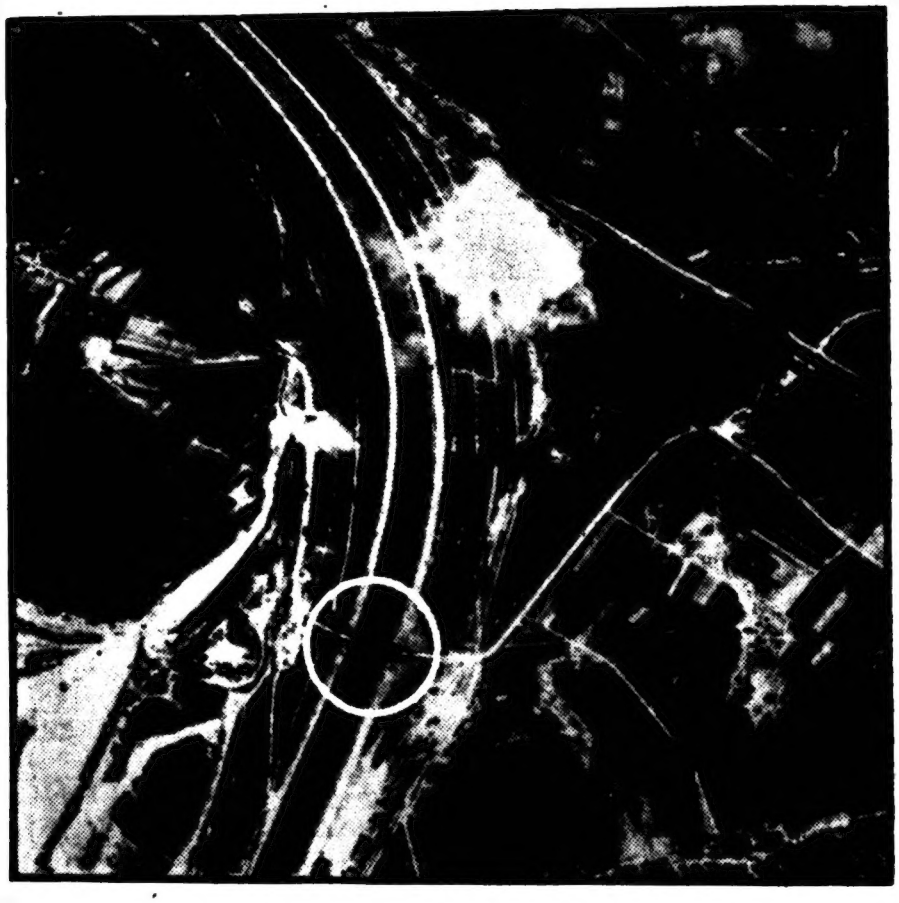
Two went down to Curly's guns.

But there could be only one end to such a terribly unequal fight.

"Suddenly there was a hell of a bang, and my stub' wing (a small underneath wing on Lysanders for carrying light bombs) flew past the clear vision window," said Curly. "Down went my left wing. I fought her level, and then there was another crash as the main wing went.

"Next thing I knew was that the instrument panel was round my neck, and I had a shocking pain in my shoulder. I was going down."

Two shells from the Messerschmitt's shell guns had hit him, virtually blowing his machine to pieces



Bombs bursting on the Albert Canal in Belgium where the Nazi hordes were halted. One of the demolished bridges is seen with white circle. It was amazing marksmanship, considering the hell-fire conditions in which these operations were undertaken

Four months ago Curly and some of his brother pilots of the Components, tired of "doing nothing but take pictures," petitioned Air-Marshal A. S. Barratt, head of the British Air Forces in France, for permission to spend their leave with a famed Hurricane squadron of another branch of our Air Forces near the Maginot Line.

This squadron had often been in action, and Curly and his pals wanted "to see something."

Well, they've seen something now.

*

ON the day the colossal battle of the Meuse opened, a fighter pilot whose name is already known throughout the world walked into his squadron mess not far behind the Maginot Line.

His squadron mates thought he was on sick leave.

The wounds, caused when shrapnel smashed his hand and leg, had not yet healed. He was supposed to be in London, where I had seen him to renew an acquaintance who started on the day he shot down his first Dornier.

Between that time and our meeting in London he'd "bagged" so many Nazi aircraft that this young New Zealander had made his Hurricane squadron famous.

He'd become Britain's No. 1 ace.

And there he was, still on "sick leave," back with his squadron.

"Turned out nice again, hasn't it?" he said, as the others greeted him, and within an hour he was air-borne, at the controls of a Hurricane again, helping his squadron to drive back the waves of German bombers filling the sky north of the Maginot Line.

Within the few hours of desperate air fighting he had added another dozen enemy machines to his "bag." "It's a fine tonic for an invalid," he said, gleefully, when he returned from another successful outing.

An Australian in this famed Hurricane squadron brought down seven Nazi machines in one morning.

There were two Dorniers, two Messerschmitts, two reconnaissance machines and a Heinkel bomber in his "bag."

After he had last been seen tackling the Heinkel, he was missing for three hours.

The squadron adjutant had actually reported him to Wing Headquarters as "missing" when a car drove up outside the orderly room.

In it was the Australian and two cropped-headed, scowling young men. He led them inside with a gleeful grin.

"Handle these beauties carefully," he said to the adjutant, "they're mine."

*

HE had fought the Heinkel "upstairs and downstairs."

The Germans tried every trick of evasive action they knew to get him to use up his ammunition.

Finally they went down "hedge-hopping."

"I'd lost my temper by then," said the "Aussie," and he "hopped" on the Heinkel's tail until he could put in a full burst from his eight guns.

He blew the Germans' port engine out of action.

It made a forced landing in a field, and as the Germans were getting out, the Aussie followed them.

He chased them into a wood, and, revolver in hand, drove them out.

On the road he stopped a French Army tender and brought them in to his squadron headquarters.

*

FIRST few days of this greatest battle of all time were packed with incredible exploits by the R.A.F. There are so many stories of great daring that the official recorders have not been able to publish them, because event has crowded so quickly on event.

Not all of them are tales of "dog-fights."

In a place by itself, for instance, is the desperate feat of the Blenheim bombers who, in response to an SOS from French Headquarters "went" in to attack the bridges on the Meuse across which the Germans were pushing tanks.

A single flight fought its way through rings of German fighter opposition to the river.

Then, in face of intense anti-aircraft fire, harried from below and above, dived to the first bridge.

It was merely a slender pencil shape below. German sappers were hurriedly finishing it.

On the river banks were waiting German tanks and A.A. batteries.

The Blenheims dived through the hell-fire, and, machine by machine, loosed "sticks" of bombs.

The bridge vanished in whirling smoke and shattered wood.

Swinging upwards and away with enemy fighters hot on their tail, the bombers sped up river to destroy a permanent bridge, still packed with enemy mechanised columns.

It was amazing marksmanship considering conditions in which it was carried out.

By delaying at least two German tank divisions, great help was given to the French in the Sedan salient.

*

BRITAIN'S biggest air-raid east of the Rhine, a desperate effort to smash German road and rail communications over which whole army corps were pouring up to France and Belgium, played a huge part in slowing up the weight of the German advance.

Pilots of the Wellingtons, Whitleys and Hampdens had already taken part in many leaflet raids over Germany. They could find their way anywhere at night.

One of the pilots a young Londoner, told me that some of the flight was as easy "as finding your way up Piccadilly on the good old bright nights."

They came across whole columns of Germans, halted in the darkness and smoking in their security.

The darkness below was pricked with myriad points of fire.

At one place a tank brigade was halted with a repair shop working with glowing fires.

"When we plastered them a whole ammunition train went up," said one pilot. "It looked like a benefit night at Crystal Palace."

In the moonlight, railway junctions gleamed. Their shining steel tracks were an easy target.

Coming back, one machine was hit by A.A. fire.

The pilot gave the order to "bale out."

The crew went one by one, but the navigator stuck in the trap going through.

"The only thing to do was to boot him in the place where he sits," said the pilot afterwards. He went through all right, but he must be the first man who has ever been kicked into safety."

And so the R.A.F. plays its epic part in this greatest war of all time.

HE'LL PUNCH HARD!

HANNEN SWAFFER, in this sparkling pen picture of the new Minister of Information, says that at last we have a man who knows how to tell the world

IT was, I am sure, the speech he delivered in dramatic circumstances, on St. George's Day, that got for Alfred Duff Cooper the job of Minister of Information.

When I arrived the great banquet hall in the Dorchester Hotel was crowded to hear—Winston Churchill!

Newsreel cameras were waiting to record the speech for the screens. Six microphones stood on the chairman's right, so that Winston's words could go not only across the Commonwealth, but also across America from coast to coast.

Then the lunchers heard to their dismay that Winston would not attend.

He was at a Supreme War Council meeting in Paris. Duff Cooper was to speak instead.

What an anti-climax it seemed!

"We had better pack up, boys," said the newsreel men.

Yet I was able to record next day that Duff Cooper made the speech of his life, that he was as good as Winston, that at only a few hours' notice he had staged a tremendous come-back.

There was none of the tabbycat about Duff Cooper.

He ridiculed the idea that we were at war with only a few Nazis

He indicted the Swastika, the Gestapo, the concentration camps and the bullying of small nations.

"These are the crimes of a whole people and a whole nation," he said. "Never again shall one nation be allowed to plunge the whole world into war. Never again shall all Europe tremble before the frowns and menaces of a single man."

He indicted the German nation.

"The perjured pervert, Frederick, miscalled the Great; Bismarck with his shifty diplomacy and forged telegrams; the vain and crippled Hohenzollern, the slave of a half-crazy Ludendorff, who so hated Christianity that he worshipped Thor and Odin."

To end this amazing oration, Duff Cooper uttered a peroration which should be inscribed in letters of gold.

"Once again St. George is mounted on his charger, his adversary the most vile that he has ever gone out to destroy.

"St. George is once more in his saddle. You meet him in the country lanes. You see him in the crowded city streets.

"Either he will return with the laurels of victory on his brow, or he will sleep, his duty well done, with England graven on his heart."

There was no Munich Mind about this. They were the words of a man of drive and decision.

BUT it was not a new attitude. Duff Cooper resigned from Chamberlain's Government in 1939 because he was disgusted by the Munich agreement.

Although a Diehard, he had consistently supported the League of Nations. And for nearly two years he had been one of the unemployed.

When sacked, he turned to Fleet Street, and one newspaper paid him £4,000 a year for his articles. Then he went to the United States, lecturing at fat fees, and giving his audiences value in slabs of truth that did not always please them.

For months Duff Cooper had been urging a great propaganda campaign, not only in neutral countries but also in Germany.

He has some of the faults of the class from which he comes. More than that, he lacks the tact you usually find in aristocrats who look on governing as their birthright.

He has all the Diehard's intolerance of the Labour Party and many other things he does not understand. But not even his enemies would deny his courage and foresight.

A lucky chance saved him for his present job. When playing poker after a party he had given to celebrate success in one of those examinations that made the Oxford dons proud of him, one of his guests, who had lost heavily, picked up a pistol.

"Duff, you lucky devil," he said, "I'd like to shoot you."

He took aim and fired.

The bullet whistled past Duff Cooper's ear.

After a time in the Foreign Office, where his talents were quickly recognised, Duff Cooper, a frail, undersized youth of twenty-three, ignored the warning that, if he enlisted, his diplomatic career would be ended.

It is said that when he was being trained for the Grenadier Guards he was one of the worst recruits the Guards' instructors ever had.

He could do nothing right.

Yet he showed himself a good soldier and a fine leader in France. When he found himself cut off in No Man's Land with a sergeant and seven men, in August, 1918, he went forward instead of retreating, and came back with eighty prisoners.

They gave him the D.S.O.: he had merited the V.C.

Back in the Foreign Office, he soon tired of diplomacy, went into Parliament, and made a maiden speech on the air peril to Egypt that was compared to the best performances of F. E. Smith.

For years, though, he was known chiefly as Lady Diana's husband.

The best-known English beauty, she was always in the limelight. She acted in the first coloured film made in England. She appeared as the Madonna in "The Miracle." She was painted, photographed, flattered.

Even high office did not teach Duff Cooper discretion. When he became War Minister he trounced "the extraordinary incompetence of the generals" in the last war. He declared that the speeches of the Bishop of Birmingham would disgrace a street-corner orator.

Soon the Nazis were denouncing him as "the most degenerate of all agitators of recent years."

"An unfathomably mean, blood-thirsty warmonger," they called him, "more Jewish than the Jews, more Satanic than Satan."

SOME of his British critics were almost as fierce.

"Pampered swashbuckler," said Lord Ponsonby, demanding his arrest and incarceration in Broadmoor.

Yet Duff Cooper went on, unperturbed, sometimes nervously stupid, sometimes ingeniously right. He referred to Britain and France as Allies even in 1938, demanding, indeed, an immediate military alliance with France.

Mussolini, during the Sanctions fiasco, was nearly as cross with Duff Cooper as he was with Eden.

Despite his tactlessness, Duff Cooper was often far-seeing.

Not much more than a year ago he annoyed the Munich Mind. When he described Hitler as "that thrice-perjured traitor and breaker of oaths" there was a storm of diplomatic protest.

"Oh, you shouldn't talk like that," Neville's friends were saying.

Then, at last, there came a show-down.

Two weeks ago Duff Cooper backed Amery in his attack on the Government. During the debate Neville sent Whips round, trying to silence the Tory rebels, promising them a new Government and an agreement on policy.

They took no notice. The attack went on. Neville fell.

And, in forming a new Government, Winston, who had actually become Prime Minister after failing to justify himself in Norway, sent for Duff Cooper to control the Ministry of Information.

He fought the Germans in the field, then defeated them with his oratory, and looks like thrashing them again

He has several qualifications for the job. He knows his world. He knows his own mind. He hates the Nazis, not merely because they now bomb all and sundry, but also because they are Nazis, and therefore criminals, anyway.

He knows the need of propaganda in the United States. Besides, during recent months he has made contacts in Fleet Street.

I wish him well in his new job.

After the war, no doubt, we shall start quarrelling again. But now we are all Britons, whatever our politics.

One Year of Conscription

FIGHTING with the B.E.F. to-day are thousands of youngsters who were anything from dukes to dustmen until the Military Training Bill received the Royal Assent a year ago this week-end.

In the first year of conscription, one and three-quarter million men will have registered—including the "twenty-seven group" now being enrolled.

All of them except a quarter of a million—the conscientious objectors, unfit and men in "reserved occupations"—have been or are about to be called up.

Even granted that all men at present registered are not yet in training, the speed of enrolment in the first year of conscription has far outpaced original plans.

Sir Thomas Phillips, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, anticipating that the twenty-seven age group would be with the Colours by the end of the year, explained that their call-up is seven months ahead of schedule.

Yet seven more age groups up to thirty-four would be in training by the end of December.

Nothing comparable with this supreme effort in numbers, organisation and standard of training was achieved by more spectacular voluntary recruitment in the last war.

Figures about the Army now in the field must remain secret, but of the million and a half men conscripted in the last twelve months the Army has claimed eight out of ten; the other two have been divided between the R.A.F. and the Navy.

At every recruiting centre, men now being enrolled are finding themselves before military, naval and Air Force interviewing-officers, whose job is to find square pegs for square holes, to satisfy every man's inclinations.

A military interviewing-officer finds that five to ten minutes devoted to each is sufficient to elicit information about standard of education, trade, hobbies and preferences for particular branches of the Services.

Conscription's first year sees recruitment seven months ahead of schedule chiefly because general Army training is now so intensified that the period is four months instead of the original six.

The typical day at an Infantry Training Centre begins at 6 a.m. and, except for mealtimes, continues at whirlwind pace till 7.45 p.m., with two weeks' leave in four months.

The first break comes after he has done his seven weeks' preliminary period of discipline, drill, handling of weapons and physical recreation.

The second break follows seven weeks of training in the field, putting into practice under Service conditions what he has learned in theory.

He is then ready to be posted to a unit.

In many instances the speed-up has been further accelerated by sending men to complete their training in realistic conditions—at bases in France and in the Middle East.

The mechanised army of to-day moves twenty times faster than it did in 1914.

So does its training. There is no excuse this time for repeating the last war scandal of rushing untrained troops into the Front Line.

GREATEST WAR BOOK

THE demand for "John Bull's" great offer of "Britain's Wonderful Fighting Forces," the greatest war book ever produced, is breaking all records.

The whole nation has waited for the book that reveals in a stirring 100,000-word story and 400 remarkable illustrations, the secrets and marvels of Britain's war machine.

How everything is done, from planning an attack to actual conflict is shown in words and pictures.

The book is available at a wonderful low privilege price.

Because this offer must shortly be withdrawn, readers are advised to turn now to page 22 and post Reservation Forms at once.

OPEN LETTERS

- Gort's Brigade Shows 'Em How
- Any Old Iron, Mr. Morrison?
- Fifty Scholars—£1,000 a year
- No Post for Naval Volunteers

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—The whole country is relieved that your genius for organisation is now being applied to the job of making Britain still stronger for war. Allow me to suggest an untapped source of power.

Hundreds of thousand of tons of steel lie rusting. Impossible to journey on any railway or canal without seeing disused bridges, stacks of old engines, boilers and tubes. Impossible to ignore the hundreds of miles of old tram rails in London and other cities.

All this scrap could be collected and remade into war materials. Nothing has been done.

One of your first tasks should be assembling this vast armoury. The appointment of a few "spotters" would help.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION,
Nottinghamshire

SIR,—One of your elementary schools, with fewer than fifty scholars, including evacuees, is costing more than £1,000 a year in salaries alone.

It has a headmaster, a male B.A. teacher, two women assistants, and a student teacher.

How can we stand the strain of war without wise economy in money and man-power?—JOHN BULL.

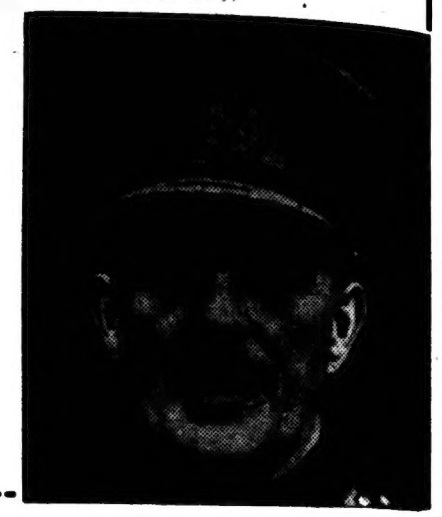
LORD WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—One Lincolnshire farmer, trying to sell his butter, was told to grease his cart wheels with it.

Another could get only a penny a pound for his supplies, because grocers didn't have enough butter coupons to make buying worth while.

Reduction in the butter ration makes such muddles all the more scandalous.—JOHN BULL.

Lord GORT,
Commander-in-Chief, B.E.F.



MY LORD,—In the dust and blood of great battle your men have shown even finer courage and tenacity than a proud nation expected.

In the skill of manœuvre, as in the clash of arms, they have outclassed and outwitted the Nazis.

To say this is not to subscribe to the smug patriotism that every war inspires. It is proved by the losses, staggering in their immensity, inflicted on the enemy.

We cannot doubt that the struggle will be hard and long, as you predicted in your message on the battle's eve, but your men have strengthened our belief in final victory.

I yield to none in admiration for the airmen who have given such fearless support. But not enough tribute has been paid to the brilliant staff organisation that marked our advance into Belgium.

There the much-vaunted thoroughness of Nazi staff work was eclipsed.

The last few days have shown that in actual fighting the lads in khaki are more than a match for Hitler's grey-clad dupes.

We at home, admiring their valour, share your pride in them. We know that their sacrifices will be worth while, and that though minor reverses may come the ultimate success will be theirs.—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL,
Lewisham

GENTLEMEN,—To give good jobs to pensioners at a time when nearly a million people are unemployed is unfair, uneconomical and stupid.

Yet you have appointed as street-keeper, at a salary of £200-£250 a year, an ex-police sergeant whose pension is £3 10s. a week, excusing yourselves on the old plea of "qualifications."

Ex-policemen are not the only people capable of being park-keepers, caretakers and watchmen, and present-day circumstances make it all the more urgent to distribute spending-power more evenly.—JOHN BULL.

Col. F. C. G. TWINN,
Director of Postal Services

DEAR COLONEL,—Naval volunteers have received no mail for a fortnight because their ship has moved a few miles along the coast. They are worried through being kept without news from home.

They have a right to expect better service—and they must get it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I count on you not only to harness the full weight of labour in our war struggle, but also to end the hardships imposed on those who are still workless.

An unemployed man of fifty, with four children, a housekeeper and a mortgaged house to maintain, recently did a small job that brought him 2s. 2d., less 1s. 7d. insurance and 6d. in fares

The employment exchange stopped 6s. 10d. of his "dole"!

Your long championship of fair play will surely lead to a speedy end of such anomalies.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Waltham Abbey

GENTLEMEN,—Accept my thanks for showing no mercy to two men who took matches into a gunpowder factory.

Their month's imprisonment should serve as a lesson to others imperilling the lives of their fellow-workers

There have been far too many such cases in recent weeks. Petty fines do not teach discretion to callous fools.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. TOWLER,
Chairman, Holt Magistrates

YOUR WORSHIP,—The soldier you fined 25s. for riding a cycle without lights will lose nearly two weeks' pay.

In saying that you can make no distinction between civilian and soldier, you forget that a civilian would be better able to afford that sum.

So, in seeking to mete out justice without discrimination, you are in fact making discrimination of the most objectionable kind.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Sir Robert Keeble, the scientist, does not exaggerate in predicting national suicide if we continue to live in the "fool's paradise" of food imports.

The surest way for you to increase home-grown crops is to use compulsory powers against lazy landlords, even when those landlords are local councils.

Land bought by councils for new housing estates or schools, now postponed till after the war, is lying idle and weed-infested. Farmers are refused permission to sow it.

The need to crop every yard of good soil is so pressing that you should not delay in applying the remedy that Parliament has already given you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR,
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Let me report yet another defect in our camouflage system.

Near an ammunition dump is a new dog track, with its buildings and tall tower painted white, making a grand landmark.

I depend on you to rap someone's knuckles.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for so promptly revising your predecessor's policy of sending evacuated children to East Coast towns.

Thank heaven for a belated arrival of sanity at the Ministry of Health!

Next, take youngsters away from billets near air bases and arms works.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK ROWLAND,
East Lancs Coroner

DEAR SIR,—I agree that insurance for bicyclists should be made compulsory.

A youth, under age, who admitted travelling too fast in the black-out, killed a middle-aged weaver but could make no recompense to the victim's relatives.

Every decent cyclist will agree that the absence of insurance in such cases is scandalous.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Despite the tremendous problems of these days, I urge you to spare time to order a complete overhauling of the Army pay system.

I am still receiving many letters from soldiers' families who have been without money for weeks.

The inefficiency of one department may not impede our war effort, but it doesn't help to keep up our spirits!—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Old 'Uns' Fighting Chance

FARES, please. . . 'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo! If it ain't old Bill! You ought to go careful with them waxed moustaches, else somebody might get stabbed in this here black-out. . . .

Joking apart, old man, how's the world been treating you; who's the boy; and why are you both looking so pleased with yourselves? . . .

Oh, he's your son, is he? And looks like a chip of the old block, too! Glad to meet you, young feller. . . . And you tell me you and your Dad have both joined the "Parashots"? Good for you! . . . And so have I. . . .

Let me see, Bill, you was using muzzle loaders, wasn't you, at the battle of Waterloo when you first joined up? . . . Oh, all right, all right! . . I can believe you ain't really more than sixty-five, else they wouldn't have took you for the Defence Volunteers. . . .

Just the same for that, I know you went all through the Boer War as well as the last do. . . .

As for you, young feller, I'm guessing you can't be more than seventeen. . . . Well, there's one thing abaht it, you'll learn to use a rifle now whether the Germans drop any of their blinking parachutists here or not.

And that's all to the good, believe me!

Old stagers like me and your Dad—and we wos both first-class shots, let me tell you!—are taking this business pretty seriously, ain't we, Bill? . . .

What's that you say? It's going to be darned serious for any Jerry who should happen to come tumbling out of the sky on your pitch! . . . Strewf, anybody would think you was looking forward to a chance at having a pot at them! . . .

I am, too, Bill, in a manner of speaking, but what I really feel is that every mother's son in this country 'as got to be ready, and trained, to defend it. . . . We haven't had a Continental army invade us since the time of William the Conqueror, nor I don't believe we shall 'ave this time neither. . . .

But the good old Navy can't stop aeroplanes, and I wouldn't put it past Hitler to have a desperate crack at us with his parachutists as well as bombs.

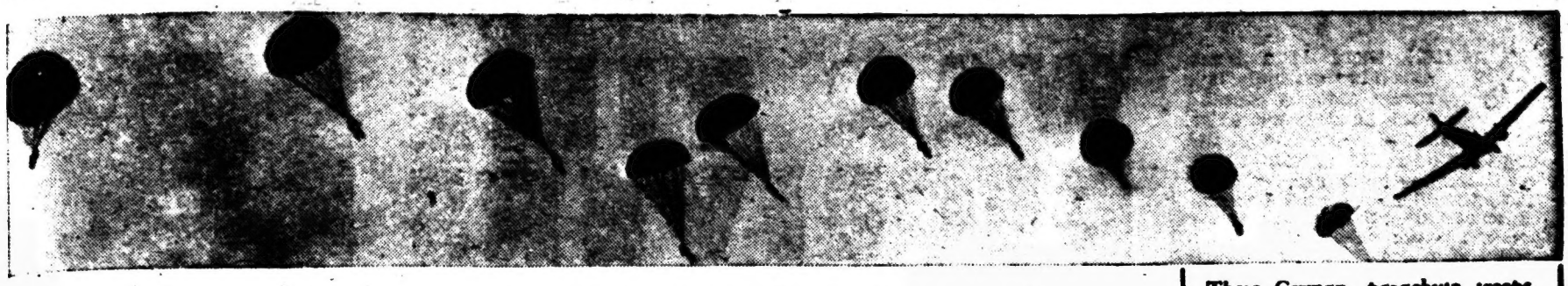
And so, in case he does, we must be ready for him. . . .

Hence the "Parashots," eh, Bill? . . .

Everybody's been joining up in our mob—clerks, shopkeepers, lawyers, county councillors, chimney sweeps, parsons and all.

It makes you proud the way the old 'uns and the bits of boys all jumped to it at the first call. . . .

But I'm telling you, Bill, and you, too, young feller me lad, that we're all needed. The Nazis are out for "total war" this time, and our job is to give 'em a total blinking hiding—see wot I mean?



These German parachute troops, dropped in their dozens, may seem to be members of a suicide squad, yet they are trained saboteurs who, when helped by Fifth Columnists, will do immense damage unless put out of action immediately

Secrets of Hitler's Fifth Column H.Q.

WILLI FRISCHAUER, famed Austrian journalist, now in exile because of his anti-Nazi activities, introduces the men who have been responsible for organising Germany's terribly efficient Fifth Column

I'LL let you into the secret of a dingy office, small and unobtrusive, lost in the splendour of the Wilhelmstrasse, the Whitehall of Berlin. Even though its few occupants are working day and night, talk in whispers and behave as if they were afraid of their own shadows, you might think it was the headquarters of a theatrical producer.

For in the ante-room you will find waiting a strange mixture of people.

Glamour girls, obviously members of a touring revue; "rough-necks," who might be young pugilists looking for something more profitable than boxing; smartly dressed young men who would grace an embassy reception; soldiers in the uniform of Germany's oldest regiments, patrician-looking elderly men, down on their luck; and old women, some typical peasants, others as noble as king's daughters.

They are all there.

And they are all waiting to see "the chief."

Every time a door opens they cease their guttural chatter, and nobody says anything except in a whisper.

The air is heavy with suspicion.

And no wonder, for the man behind the door is not interviewing the cast of a new play. He is sitting calmly at his big desk, planning the greatest undercover in war history.

Open his door and you see at the desk Hitler's most relentless professional terrorist, Manfred von Killinger, head of the Nazi Fifth Column, a man so steeped in treachery and espionage that his shadow makes even Germans shudder.

Of all the thugs born of the Nazi régime, none is more fitted for the delicate task of organising this sinister Fifth Column with its saboteurs, spies, agitators and killers than this arch-enemy of Britain.

He became renowned for his frank hostility when Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco.

When inevitably he was recalled to Germany, presumably in disgrace, he was given a special task. All the world now knows just what he had to do. His evil has borne fruit in Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland—even in Belgium.

KILLINGER was one of the reactionary German officers who carried on intrigue against Britain long after Germany was defeated in 1918.

Later he was involved in a political shooting affair in Germany and imprisoned, but his friends had him released in time to organise the murder of Rathenau and other German pacifist politicians.

When the Nazis came to power, he became Premier of Saxonia.

But he was pushed into a concentration camp in 1934, the victim of a Party intrigue, and was released to become President of the dreaded "People's Court" in 1936.

Then he went to San Francisco, his reputation as a brute firmly established.

As leader of the world's most dangerous Fifth Column, Killinger has elaborated an idea first put to Hitler by a boyish-looking, bespectacled Prussian.

For all his quiet demeanour, Theo Habicht, who was really the first Nazi Fifth Columnist, was a sinister genius, a man who could not even be trusted by the Nazis themselves.

I first met him when he was arrested at Linz, in Upper Austria, for experimenting with his plan to establish terrorists, saboteurs, spy hide-outs and pro-Nazi propaganda machines around Vienna.

He was copying tactics tried by the original Behind-the-Line Fifth Columnists who did so much damage in the Spanish Civil War.

These secret fighters behind the front were first called "Fifth Columnists" when the Nationalists under General Franco attacked the Republicans in Four Columns from the outside, while their adherents organised uprisings, espionage and sabotage within the Republican ranks.

HABICHT looked more like a scholar than an agitator.

He would have seemed at home in a book-lined room or a laboratory.

You'd never suspect that he devoted all his thinking to treachery.

That this quiet bookworm was to build on the established foundations of espionage a new method of spying that would make the story of the Trojan Horse sound like a fairy tale.

Under his patronage, sabotage became a gentle art.

He enlisted craftsmen to show him how he could damage key industries, made political agitators teach him how to organise "cells" of dissension in other countries, discussed with "barn-storming" aviators the possibilities of landing his men by parachute, explored with typical German thoroughness every inch of his "Fifth Column" vision.

And the results of his work have made German invasions a matter of days instead of weeks.

Farsighted Austrians saw the danger of his activities in the early days. That is why he was arrested.

But he was too valuable to be lost by Hitler.

When the Austrian Government released him under German pressure, he was appointed Press Attaché with the German Legation in Vienna, so that he could have diplomatic immunity.

At last we got rid of him, but we could not get rid of the hundreds of Austrian Nazis whom he had bribed to work for him.

Austrians could not stop the flow of German travellers into Austria, commercial travellers, artists, tourists, all members of the first Fifth Column ever to be set in motion in Europe.

It was impossible to check groups of terrorists, bomb-throwers, saboteurs and spies financed and directed by Habicht.

What happened in Austria under the direction of Habicht has been repeated in every European country, in North and South America—all over the world.

Habicht's idea appealed to Hitler so much that he instructed Bohle, the Bradford-born leader of the "Foreign German Organisation," to place all his men in foreign countries at the disposal of the Killinger-Habicht outfit.

He told Vice-Admiral Canaris, Germany's chief of espionage, to appoint his ablest men to posts suggested by Habicht.

The Gestapo compiled a list of Germans in all walks of life who could be sent abroad as members of the Fifth Column.

They were to retain their individual jobs, yet they had to undergo military training, equip themselves with a knowledge of photography and explosives, with geography and diplomacy.

They were all trained in the art of sabotage.

The key-members of the vast organisation of skilled Fifth Columnists, numbering roughly 150,000 men and women, were given diplomatic appointments and attached to the various Nazi Embassies and Legations to enable them to carry on their tasks unhindered.

The best example of the typical Nazi diplomatic saboteur was the former Nazi Consul at Marseilles, who escaped after being suspected of causing a fire in the French transatlantic liner *Paris* shortly before the outbreak of war.

This man later became German Consul at Narvik.

Other skilled Killinger-men are Dr. Brauer, now German Ambassador in Oslo, and his assistants, who were ordered to take military action—as soon as the Nazi onslaught on Norway began.

STRONG detachments of Nazis have worked under Killinger's directions in Vienna, Prague, Copenhagen, Brussels, the Hague and Rotterdam. He has found them hide-outs, arranged for them to contact each other without causing suspicion, and told them just when to drop their masks and start their most dangerous work.

Killinger has always been ambitious to have a flourishing Fifth Column in Britain, and it is thought that he tries to push his men into this country every time a boat-load of refugees lands here.

But such a close watch is kept on the activities of these people by Scotland Yard's special branch that it looks as though there is one ambition Killinger will never fulfil.

DIRTIEST FIGHTERS EVER . . .

Columns of refugees machine-gunned on the roads of Belgium.

A file of children in Norway cold-bloodedly mown down.

Sailors shot as they swim for safety.

★

EACH day brings fresh news of the maniacal blood-lust of German hordes. You find it hard to believe there is no exaggeration? Make no mistake, the German will not thank you for making excuses for him.

"Calculated frightfulness can attain difficulties denied to arms," says the German military manual.

They do not deny cruelty. They say cruelty is a military weapon.

* * *

On more than two hundred occasions in the last war German brigade orders were captured instructing the troops to take no prisoners. Even wounded were shot. Those orders are still preserved.

Major Vandeleur, 1st Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), was made to march to Douai in 1915 on a shattered leg. His agonised efforts were laughed at.

He was thrown before the Hotel de Ville and publicly reviled.

He was able to get the names of witnesses of many worse atrocities and send his report to Britain.

He told of overcoats taken from wounded men in Arctic weather.

* * *

The worst instance of German love of stripping wounded was when Private Palin, of 2nd South Lancs, shot through spine, was stripped and made to crawl naked for two days near the battlefront, dragging two paralysed legs.

Major Vandeleur proved cases of men with gangrene and suppuration thrown into horse-boxes, stifled by the ammonia from animal urine, dragged out to be mocked at railway stations and then kicked back.

British troops were regularly flogged at Schneidemuhl Camp.

A Nero-like commander had every wounded Briton operated on without anæsthetic at Iseghem, even when bone had to be removed with chisel and hammer.

Private MacPhail, Canadian soldier wounded at Ypres, was unattended four days, although blinded in one eye. Then he was seized, held down by a nurse and four attendants and had the eye taken out with scissors, no anæsthetic being used.

So brutally was it done that the nerve of the other eye was destroyed.

Mulheim made dangerously wounded men walk to wash-houses.

Ohrduf tied British prisoners to posts for days.

* * *

There is no need to describe how the Germans sacked and burned towns, defiled women, murdered children and generally behaved—as they were expected to behave—like the Huns under Attila.

Only a few weeks ago, Germans buried a French captain and his men and put a wreath on his grave. Recapturing the ground, French troops reverently lifted the wreath.

At once a mine exploded.

Every Frenchman round was killed.

* * *

Germans will not deny these stories of dirty tactics. If you tell them such methods are monstrously inhuman, they will think you are mad. But not every German.

When the Adjutant of the 13th Regt., 17th Division 7th German Army Corps, was found dead in France in 1916 his diary, preserved in records to this day, read: "The bestiality of our troops in beating to death wounded English sickens me. It makes me fit for nothing."

One human German who didn't believe the army manual that told him that calculated frightfulness was good fighting.

And he is dead.

HUMANIST, selecting problems that worry many people secretly, deals with

WAR TIME DECEIVERS

WHEN there is a black sheep in the family, it is rarely safe to pretend that he does not exist. He has a trick of appearing at the wrong time and making things look worse than they really are.

This letter illustrates what I mean.

"A soldier in uniform called at my house just before midnight," writes a woman reader. "He was my brother, and having just finished his leave from France he made a long journey to see me before returning overseas.

"I had not seen him for four years.

"He had been to Borstal and to prison before he joined the Army. My mother died broken-hearted because of his behaviour, but now he is trying to redeem the past.

"I tried to forget his existence altogether, and when I married two years ago I did not tell my husband that I had such a brother."

That is but the first part of the story.

The husband's sister, living next door, saw a soldier enter the house at midnight and depart in the early morning

She can hardly be blamed for thinking what she did. She wrote to tell her brother, and the result was a letter demanding to know what it all meant!

"What shall I tell him?" asks the soldier's wife. "If I say he was my brother, the story will sound so strange.

"He will want to know why I have concealed the existence of this brother. Then I shall have to describe the disgrace he has brought on the family.

"If I don't do this, what feasible explanation can I give? I love my husband dearly, and wish terribly that I had told him the truth before he married me."

There is no explanation except the truth.

It may sound suspicious, but it can always be verified. The brother himself should be asked to send a reassuring letter to the husband.

A man may be annoyed to discover that there is a black sheep in his wife's family, but that would be far less worrying to him than the fear that his wife was breaking faith with him.

A LETTER from a mother-in-law concerns the other half of the problem.

"I do not like my son-in-law," she says candidly, "yet I have always tried to be fair to him. I admired him for enlisting when he did and thought my daughter sensible to let him go, especially when she began to earn her own living again.

"But when I saw him in a restaurant with another girl I could hardly contain myself. Only a few days before my daughter told me how disappointed she was that his leave had been cancelled!

"Going to his table as casually as I could, I said, 'Hallo! So you got leave after all!

"He was taken aback but, never at a loss, he said he had been suddenly recalled to his business, and that while

A soldier in uniform called at my house . . .

waiting for an interview with his 'boss' he was having coffee with Miss X from the office.

"I almost believed him when the same story was repeated to me over the telephone by my daughter, who was overjoyed at his return home.

"Having met me he had no alternative but to go home. He spent two days there and then his 'special leave' expired.

"Since then I have been told that he has been seen repeatedly in company with this girl. He has no difficulty in getting week-end leaves, and has been seen having a gay time while my daughter works hard to send him money.

"She has the impression that he gets virtually no leave at all.

"I dislike making mischief, but now my daughter has come to me in great distress, asking for a loan of £25. She declines to say what it is for, but I am sure it is for her husband.

"I have refused to lend her the money until she tells me all about her difficulties. She repeats that she cannot tell me and will never come to me for help again.

"There has always been the greatest love and sympathy between us, but I hate to think of her being exploited by a 'rotter.'"

This woman may have misunderstood the situation, but I am afraid she is right.

If the loan is intended for the son-in-law, I think she has every reason to refuse. The girl ought to be able to tell her mother the truth.

I CALLED this the other half of the problem because it deals with the loyalty of the absent husband.

A man must keep faith, just as he expects his wife to do.

A third letter coming from a soldier's young wife, shows she is making herself ill with loneliness while her man is away.

"Since I was sixteen," she writes, "my only interest in life has been my husband. I have never troubled to make girl friends. We had no hobbies. We were content to walk and talk together.

"But now he is away from me I have no interest in anything."

Even though I can understand how this young wife feels, I cannot help wondering how many million lonely women there are in Europe at the present time.

Work is a grand consolation in a time of distress.

She might volunteer for public work of some kind.

She might do some gardening or housework; she might take up some art or craft; and she could certainly make herself useful in working for refugees—people who have lost everything and find themselves in a strange land.

Brooding leads to nothing but more brooding.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*

Voice of the People

NOW FOR THE BETTER JOBS!

DURING the war, men earning small wages in temporary jobs see permanent jobs with better wages opening out before them.

But, making enquiries, they are told, "You must apply to the Employment Exchanges."

And the Exchanges say, "You won't do. You're in a job already."

So the men who are going to be hardest hit by this war are the men so proud that they took any job rather than none at all.—W. M Flemington, Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

What improvements we hope for now that Mr. Brown has gone at last!

Secrets for Scholars

ONE schoolboy tells me that his class was asked by the teacher to discover all improvements made in the last hundred years at the docks near his home.

These he had to mark on maps.

This is only an innocent school routine, but to my mind it is risky in war time. The less we encourage people to nose out official secrets the better.—Miss I. J., South Wales.

We agree—yet our authorities have let anybody have information about our docks. Some of the best guides to them have been written by Germans granted official permission to make enquiries.

Human Touch

MAY I voice my gratitude to the War Department for its great kindness to my husband in granting him compassionate leave to see his baby in hospital?

The child had pneumonia and was not expected to live.

I did not communicate with the War Office until Wednesday morning, and my husband was home from overseas service on Saturday evening.—H. Ruckett, Larne Road, Birmingham.

The "human touch" in official administration is something for which "John Bull" has always been striving, and we are glad to give publicity to such incidents as this.

Tattooed on his Arm

SERVING in the B.E.F., a friend had his blood group tattooed on his forearm.

It would be a splendid idea if all soldiers had their blood group inscribed on their identity discs, and then blood transfusions could be made immediately.

The delay caused by ascertaining the correct blood group has resulted in considerable loss of life.—Miss A. James, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol.

It would save only twenty minutes in treatment, but would be a tremendous help where several transfusions had to be carried out on one hospital train.

Way of a Chancellor

TELL me the object of the stinging increase on tobacco duty? Does the Chancellor want to get a lot more out of the smoker, or does he want the smoker to spend less, thus saving shipping space and sending less money out of the country?

I haven't met anybody who knows.—W. G. Winder, Berkeley Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex.

YOU MIGHT MEET THE CHANCELLOR HIMSELF AND STILL NOT KNOW. NO DOUBT HE WANTS THE CAKE AND THE MEAL, LIKE ALL CHANCELLORS.

War Effort at Seventy-Seven

I AM seventy-seven. My six sons and their father fought for their country.

Although I am an old age pensioner, I am wondering whether the nation would adopt my "Nicol Scheme" to enable old age pensioners to save war loan and help victory.

They would put a weekly penny in a box, of which the postmaster would have the key.—Mrs. Agnes Nicol, Loughview, Bentra, Whitehead.

There's a brave letter! Actually, old age pensioners—or anybody else—can get savings sheets holding twenty-four penny postage stamps from any post office. These will buy savings stamps acceptable for Post Office Savings Bank, saving certificates, or for dog or wireless licences.

★ *This is YOUR corner — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s 6d. *for each letter published.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Mythical Mad Major

EVERYBODY who served in the last war either saw or heard of "The Mad Major." There must be tens of thousands of men who would imitate him.

The Government has only got to say the word —G. H. K., Brighton.

Hundreds of thousands of old soldiers believe they saw "The Mad Major." Sometimes he flew aeroplanes, sometimes fired guns, sometimes led men over the top. He is even credited with commanding a battleship at Jutland. Always he turned the scales against the enemy. . . . But there was no such person!

Shoot, Bang, Fire

LISTENING to the B.B.C.'s reconstruction of the Battle of Narvik, I was astounded to hear the gunnery officer of destroyer *Cossack* giving the order, "Shoot!"

I spent three and a half years firing a Royal Horse Artillery gun at Germans, and the order was always "Fire!"

A naval gunner assures me that he never heard an order such as "Shoot"—except from small boys playing at soldiers.—Ex-Gunner 128800, R.H.A., Queen's Drive, Ealing, W.3.

The Admiralty says: "Although the proper order is 'Fire,' 'Shoot' is a variant permitted under certain circumstances."

Soldier P.M.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is the first soldier to become Prime Minister since the Duke of Wellington.

No wonder we've blundered through our other wars.

Now, perhaps, there'll be no more blundering.—A. Goss, Westbourne Grove, W.

No Rhubarb Leaves

MANY people will remember that during the last war a clergyman and his family were wiped out through eating cooked rhubarb leaves.

These leaves are poisonous.

Everybody should spread the news, because people *will* experiment during a vegetable shortage, and experiment can be perilous.—Joseph Miller, Shelf Street, Sheaf Gardens, Sheffield.

BUT DON'T BE SO SUSPICIOUS THAT YOU THROW RADISH TOPS AWAY. COOKED LIKE SPINACH, THEY TASTE LIKE SPINACH.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

IMPUDENT EX-BANKRUPT'S NEW LURES

WITH so many excellent opportunities at hand these days for investing money, not only well but also wisely, I can't help being surprised at the ease with which smart Mayfair financiers continue to flourish exceedingly.

Among those thus seeking to make fortunes for all you will find the name of H. M. Alleyn, a financier with offices in Conduit Street, London, W.1, whose financial career should be more than enough to damn him in the eyes of anybody with money to invest.

Yet he is quite frankly boasting of his connection with Domo Remedies, Ltd., a company now asking for financial backing.

"Capital needed to make known throughout Britain and abroad two great Indian and Ceylon Remedies for all skin troubles," advertises Domo Remedies, Ltd., with complete disregard for the niceties of the language.

"Domolene Ointment and Domolene Wool of the utmost benefit and value to the Armed Forces and to our people for all Skin and Blood Ailments. . . . Success means the development of a great business. Partnerships available."

That Government authorities will undoubtedly object to his mention of the Armed Forces in his advertisements would possibly mean little to a man who once asked for £50 partners for a scheme which was destined to lend £3,500,000 to certain French towns!

This company, A and F Syndicate, Ltd., is only one of several which this financial giant has directed. They all started with a brilliant display of sparks and a thunderclap, but most of them have frittered out and gone into liquidation, heavy with debts.

"Nothing can be done without money," said Mister Alleyn a little while ago when he was seeking finance for the manufacture of "air wire barrage."

Now he wants money for his latest scheme!

And he has been bankrupt on two occasions—in one of these his liabilities were £72,494 and his assets 19s. 11d.! Creditors received nothing.

Boots and Snowballs!

SO many of the offensive creatures mentioned in this column seem to thrive on their blandishments that I always derive satisfaction from hearing that yet another is now listed at the Post Office as "Gone away."

But I soon begin to wonder in what new guise the men behind the firm that has been found out will start again.

That is my trouble now with "Mr. Arthur Marsh," who used an address in Smedley Lane, Manchester, to further a stamp-investment scheme which was claimed to enable participants with 30s. to invest to make £6 a week.

What is he up to now he has been listed as "Gone away" from Smedley Lane?

As well as using this Manchester address, to which he is not entitled, he has been using addresses in Kinmel Bay, North Wales, and Leigh, Lancashire.

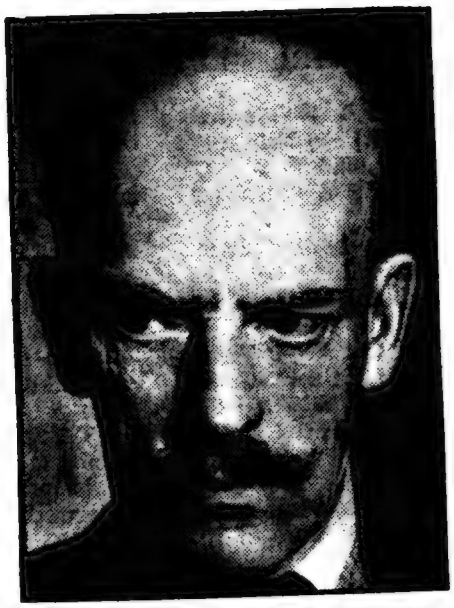
And I wonder what is going to happen now that Hulles and Company have gone from Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.2, after starting to sell footwear by means of a snowball.

Some readers who were interested in this scheme are even more eager to keep track of this company's movements.

When's Armistice Day?

EVEN though you may feel sure deep down that you know the day when peace will break out again in Europe, I don't advise you to fall for the "National Savings Pool" gambit whereby Mr. F. James White, of South Bank, Haslemere, Surrey, offers a large prize with great presence of patriotism.

As "Organiser" of this scheme, he has



Sir Wyndham Childs says: "I feel very dubious about the National Savings Pool."

produced delectable printed matter to prove that the object is to further the purchase of National Savings Certificates, but I think there must be a flaw somewhere because the National Savings Committee has not taken kindly to White's scheme. It was put up to them, but turned down promptly!

As well as devoting 15s. to your forecast about the actual date of "Armistice Day" you must also persuade three friends to become interested in the venture before you are eligible for the very grand prizes.

Mr. White has decided to devote at least 50 per cent. of the proceeds of his "National Savings Pool" to the prizes.

He is making no deduction for expenses, according to what he says in his propaganda, but has admitted to one man who interviewed him about his "Savings" offer that he did hope to make a little money for himself, nevertheless. I feel very dubious about the whole thing.

You'd stand more chance of making money out of forecasting Armistice Day by laying a half-crown bet at "the local" than you would by risking 15s. or more in this bottomless pool.

Flag-Day Thieves

A YOUNG woman, employed by a famed charity organisation in Liverpool, uncovered an ingenious attempt to outwit the House-to-House (Charities) Collection Act when she noticed that the labels on returned collection boxes were wet.

A few days previously a man in uniform, giving the name of Boyd, had asked that he might be allowed to take two collecting boxes to the military camp at which he was stationed.

When he came back with the boxes the girl pointed out that the labels were wet. The man, who also gave the name of Stewart, made some astounding admissions that eventually revealed the workings of an organisation that has been systematically robbing charities.

For two years this Liverpool gang has been using a bogus depot as headquarters, taking out collecting boxes for organised charities. When these boxes have been filled by its "voluntary collectors" they have been ransacked, and only enough money put back to cover the cost of the flags sold at a penny each.

Many members of this gang have now been caught, but there are others still carrying on this despicable system of betraying the public trust in reputable charities.

This is just another method by which these charity crooks are escaping the penalties of the new Charities Act, and the police are now warning societies to which they have granted licences that they must exercise extreme caution when selecting their "voluntary workers" for "flag"-day collections.

Got Them at Last

SINCE I came [illegible] eleven years ago I [illegible] one of my duties to de[illegible] with complaints from peop[illegible]n what has become known as "Directory Frauds."

Offering space in bogus local guides "about to be published," agents secure advance payments, and then vanish.

Having scores of files relating to many such firms, I was naturally delighted that one of the greatest conspiracies of all has at last been brought to an end.

After enquiries lasting many months, nine weeks of police-court proceedings, and a trial at Winchester Assizes that finished on the 31st day of its hearing, sixteen people have been sent to jail.

George Morrell and John Arthur Homer had previously been convicted for conspiracy, and Alfred Percival Levenson, Nathan Gottlieb, James Joseph Leavey, Irving Wilson and Joseph Varley—who all played prominent parts—each had been previously convicted.

Morrell and his agents have filched thousands of pounds from the public since 1927.

Another of the conspirators, Charles Richard Beach, has actually been in the "directory" business since 1922, and has made his living mostly in that way.

JOHN BULL first exposed this type of fraud in 1927, and I have persistently urged prosecutions.

He's never at home

ANOTHER man with a load of trouble is Adolph Aaron Nunberg, a Russian Pole, of Piccadilly, London, W., who is the "Collector" behind a "cash-for-cigarette-cards" scheme now causing readers to write to me complaining that, having completed their side of the "bargain," they cannot get their money.

"Collector" sold albums which he promised to buy back at three times the price when they had been filled with cigarette cards. One man who completed 200 books is still waiting for his money, and a woman, who introduced the scheme to members of the Duchy of Cornwall Old Contemptibles' Association, is in a similar plight. It's no use their going to Nunberg's office. He goes there only two or three times a week—to pick up letters.

Several people are waiting to receive satisfaction from Nunberg, and some have been to the Vine Street police.

Tell-Tale "Secret" Figures

FROM that day long ago when the primitive medicine man awakened from his siesta imbued with the idea of selling trinkets, supposed to be charged with magic powers, to his mystified tribesmen, there has always been a ready sale for amulets, charms and such luck-bringing oddities as rabbits' feet, nutmegs and the like.

Even new men in danger often appreciate the feel of a familiar charm as they face trouble, and so low does Mr. F. W. G. Mills, of High Road, Chadwell Heath, assess the nation's susceptibility that he is confident there is a fortune to be made out of his amulet "The Mystic Symbol of the Seven Stars."

He is so sure about it that he is forming a limited company to cope with what he hopes will be "a nice profitable business," issuing "units" of ten each to anybody who wants 'em.

It is when Mr. Mills starts revealing his plans to foist these charms on the public that you realise what little regard he has for the people to whom he wants to sell "solidified confidence."

A goldsmith has arranged to manufacture his "Mystic Symbol of the Seven Stars" in gold and silver, for pendant, bracelet, necklace, handbag and identification disc.

Mills believes that a million would be sold in the first year, but he says that if only 100,000 were sold at half-a-crown each they would yield £12,500.

Their cost would be only £694, while £3,000 would cover advertising, office expenses and salaries. Every 100,000 sold would therefore mean a profit of £8,806!

There's no need to comment further on the impudence of a man who quite blatantly reveals his plans to sell for half-a-crown amulets costing less than a halfpenny each.

He'll need a charm to get away with such a racket.

Public Benefactor

MR. H. TOPLEY, Armitage Street, Ardwick, Manchester, receives this week's guinea for sending detailed information about a matter now being investigated.

Readers are invited to write to me about any subject demanding enquiry.

Mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

GREATEST OF THESE

PRIVATE WILLIAMS is now serving with the Home Defence Force as willing as he served for four years in Flanders in the last year. He is willing to do battle for his country, but at his little home in Gilfach Goch, Glamorganshire, his family is already doing battle for existence.

Ranging in age from six months to sixteen years, he has twelve children. Seven of them have recently had measles; one pneumonia, and his wife, striving desperately to buy nourishment for the invalids, suitable clothes for the others on her meagre Army allowance, has fallen ill and been rushed to hospital for an operation.

She has put up a fine struggle and deserves help. No woman should be asked to maintain such a family in such circumstances without being helped. She cannot go on. Will you help?

Donations should be earmarked "Annie" and addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application. Meantime, we express our gratitude to readers who send to us under various pseudonyms.

MAY 25, 1940

NEW PUSH

WHAT HITLER GETS—AND LOSES

BY invading Holland and Belgium, Hitler has made 16,000,000 new enemies.

He has deprived Germany of her neutral "lungs." Holland alone exported goods worth £20,000,000 to Germany each year and bought nearly twice as much from her.

He has made a present to the Allies of 1,100 Belgian and Dutch ships, besides the immense shipping and natural resources of Holland's colonial empire.

Moreover, Holland is the largest holder of gold and foreign securities of all the Continental nations.

So the Allied gold reserves have increased by £1,200,000,000.

In addition, the Netherlands securities in the United States are valued at £200,000,000—enough to buy a fleet of bombers.

The Belgian Army of 654,000 men is a useful reinforcement to the Allies' strength.

Few Weeks' Food

Intangible, but no less powerful, is the effect of the invasion on American policy—an effect that may be all-important before long.

That is one side of the Lowlands Balance-Sheet. Turn to the other.

Hitler has bought, at the cost of a great number of his troops, a few weeks' food for his half-starved people

But there were no heavy petrol supplies for him to loot.

Only the usual stocks, sufficient for about a week's requirements, were kept in the Dutch provinces captured by the Nazis last week.

As for the strategical position, the Nazis hope to establish air and naval bases in the Low Countries.

If successful, they would halve the distance that their bombers have to cover at present to reach Britain from Sylt and Borkum, make it possible to escort bombing squadrons with fighter 'planes.

Keitel's Dream

With Flushing as a base, Nazi seaplanes might extend minelaying operations to the English Channel, though the Dover Patrol would make this a difficult business.

U-boats would cut out two days' journey from Wilhelmshaven or Kiel to the British shipping routes.

At the same time, presumably, the few Nazi battleships and cruisers still afloat would operate from the Norwegian fiords.

In brief, England-hating Wilhelm Keitel hopes to achieve his ambition of war against Britain under the sea, on sea, on land and in the air.

Keitel has nursed that aim since he was a heel-clicking staff officer in the last war, has impressed it upon the Fuehrer ever since he became Nazi Chief of Staff.

But there are other factors that, even though they cannot properly be included in the balance-sheet, must be remembered by Hitler and his yes-man.

Heavy Debit

However near they bring bomber and U-boat bases to the object of their hatred, the distance will be the same for us as for them.

No longer will our bombers have to make extensive detours to avoid neutral territory.

Keitel's attack on the Lowlands has brought Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg, Essen, Cologne, Coblenz and other German vital spots closer within our reach.

And our bombers that have France for their base have only to cross the Rhine to be over German soil.

As for the new Nazi air threat to our shipping, even Nazi naval officers believe that air-power cannot achieve decisive results against sea-power, and all the encounters of the war have supported this view.

We must not underestimate the gravity of the situation arising from Hitler's latest crime. But at the moment the debit side of his Lowlands Balance-Sheet outweighs the credit, and no accountant would pass it.

Without Fear or Favour

Bevin's First

NOW there is a Labour leader at the Ministry of Labour we can hope for the complete mobilisation of civilian man-power.

Mr. Ernest Bevin has an immense task.

LONG AN OUTSTANDING FIGURE IN TRADES UNIONISM, IT NOW BECOMES HIS DUTY TO ORGANISE THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL NATIONAL UNIONS IN THE GRIM TRADE OF WAR.

HE MUST BE SATISFIED WITH NOTHING LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. MEMBERSHIP. HE MUST EXACT RIGID DISCIPLINE, ENFORCE A "CLOSED SHOP."

He must see that every able-bodied citizen "clocks in" for a full day's work.

He must be ruthless with the shirkers, the "lead swingers."

ABOVE ALL, HE MUST CLEAN UP THE SCANDAL OF "RESERVED OCCUPATIONS" NOW FILLING HONEST MEN WITH BITTERNESS, ROGUES WITH WICKED GLEE.

* * *

Mr. Bevin's first task in his vital office should be revising the entire schedule of reserved occupations.

It was loosely compiled in the beginning and has been still more loosely adjusted from time to time since the war began.

THIS SORRY SCHEDULE IS NOW KEEPING SCORES OF THOUSANDS OF FIT MEN, WHO ARE NOT INDISPENSABLE, OUT OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES, JUST AS IT HAS PERMITTED SCORES OF THOUSANDS OF OTHERS TO BE TAKEN WASTEFULLY FROM THEIR ESSENTIAL CIVILIAN TASKS.

We do not blame any man, no matter how fit he is or how young, for continuing in his normal reserved occupation.

He has small choice.

He did not draw up the schedule that exempts him. That was done by bureaucrats, guessing freely, working by rule of thumb, and often "led by the nose."

Human nature being what it is, all employers think their own men indispensable. The honest, stating their claims as fairly as possible, were sometimes granted fewer exemptions than they deserved.

THE "TRY-IT-ON" VARIETY WAS OFTEN ASTONISHED TO FIND THAT IT "GOT AWAY" WITH ALMOST EVERYTHING IT DEMANDED!

As there has been little method in all this madness, Mr. Bevin will need to go through the entire schedule with the toothcomb of common-sense, technical knowledge and utter impartiality.

* * *

There is no industrial conscription in these islands, but all men ought to regard themselves as soldiers, whether in or out of uniforms, if we mean to win the war.

AND THE SOLE GROUNDS FOR EXEMPTION FROM FIGHTING SERVICES OUGHT TO BE AGE, PHYSICAL UNFITNESS, OR PERFORMING SOME INDISPENSABLE NATIONAL SERVICE.

THESE ARE NOT THE SOLE GROUNDS AT PRESENT. IN MANY ESSENTIAL OCCUPATIONS THE RESERVATION AGE LIMIT IS TOO HIGH.

Employers agree that thousands of workers, now exempt at thirty-five, could be replaced by older men of the necessary skill and qualifications.

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SHADOW BEHIND THE BLITZKR

"JOHN BULL" continues to expose the abject misery in which the German people are forced to live so that Hitler's gang can maintain the Nazi forces.

RADIO announcers from Berlin may bellow with delight at the prospect of grey-clad Nazi hordes pushing their mechanised columns through undefended countries.

But no measure of boasting about Holland or Norway can obliterate the misery of the people at home.

Only the Germans, with their ability to suffer extreme hardship with the placidness of beaten cattle, would accept such a fate. Yet we cannot hope to win the war because they are existing on the scrapings of the earth.

Only a thorough thrashing in the field will conquer Germany.

IT is difficult to estimate how much petrol still lies in the storage tanks of the Third Reich. But it is known that her war effort can be maintained only when she has 17,000,000 tons a year. Of this, 4,000,000 tons a year are produced synthetically; Rumania is able to supply fewer than 1,500,000 tons. Puzzle of Adolf is where to find the rest.

PROUD of the synthetic articles produced by his scientists, Hitler must now realise that you cannot even produce food from sawdust, clothes from waste paper, rubber from chemicals and wool from vegetable fibre without absorbing valuable basic materials. He must be dismayed at the vast amount of coal needed in these synthetic industries.

BECAUSE of the shortage of ferrous metals, even railway engines are now being made from aluminium made from bauxite imported from Balkan countries. Even so, Germany's supply of heavy metal will last only six months. She can supply only a third of the 11,000,000 tons of iron she has used this last twelve months.

GERMANY'S agricultural stocks amount to five and a half million tons, and she is self-supporting in potatoes, sugar, bread constituents, but the absence of essential fats and oils is so noticeable that only Nazi Party bosses can afford to buy soap.

STILL there is a great fear that the food shortage will become a real menace, despite the raids on the Danish larder and the addition to the Third Reich of Polish and Czechoslovakian agricultural areas. Newspapers are crowded with warnings about "food" crimes.

Two persons from Rendsburg, accused of having bought six eggs and half a pound of pork dripping from a peasant without coupons, were fined 30 reichsmarks. The judge explained that the fine was small because of the humble circumstances of the prisoners.

POOR food has caused so many children to have rickets—Germans call it "English disease"—that a State grant has been made for irradiating all milk with ultra-violet rays as it passes over the separators.

Though most of the fat is taken away from milk for war purposes, it is hoped that the ultra-violet rays will endow the liquid with enough vitamins to give it reasonable food value.

THE *Schwarze Corps*, organ of Himmler's S.S. men, is explaining to German housewives that the food ration "priority cards," giving holders first turn at shop counters and first call on such restricted food supplies as bacon and butter, are not issued to women simply because they are wives of Party members. Yet it is clear that the average "hausfrau" is saying that Nazi Party members' wives get all the cards.

HITLER'S emissary to the German Women's Association Conference, held recently at Munster, said:

"The State entrusts women with the food consumption of the nation. They must all adapt themselves to war conditions. It is the mothers of the nation who must sacrifice for victory."

AS a contrast here is a description of a lunch served to some neutral newspaper correspondents by Goering at Karinhalle a few days before the invasion of Holland:

"The menu included fresh asparagus soup, venison dished up with flaming vintage brandy, fruit (of which there is an absolute scarcity in Germany) and four kinds of the best wines of France and Germany. Goering was in great form. . . ."

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By THE EDITOR

First Big Job

John Bull has carefully and specifically refrained from attacking those "service-fit" young men still in mufti because of this ridiculous schedule.

BUT WE DO ATTACK THE HORDE OF YOUNGSTERS THAT IS DELIBERATELY "DODGING THE COLUMN" BY CLAIMING EXEMPTION TO WHICH NOT ONE OF THEM IS MORALLY ENTITLED.

THERE ARE LEGIONS OF "ARTFUL DODGERS."

Almost all our readers must know instances of young men in the early "twenties" who have suddenly become "indispensable."

Some of them have just taken science degrees and have been given jobs in Government arsenals that could be equally well filled by veterans.

That is not the worst of this particular scandal. "John Bull" knows of butcher boys who have taken jobs as "indispensable" steel workers; of clerks who have forsaken the City to take "reserved occupations" in the docks; of porters who have become "aerodrome painters," and of clerical workers who have suddenly discovered a special fondness for the land!

Again and again we observe that the screen of "reserved occupations" is being unscrupulously used to dodge military service.

Hundreds and hundeds of "dodgers" are enrolling in the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, gaining an easy uniform thereby.

* * *

THE NEW MINISTER OF LABOUR HAS ALWAYS WAGED A FIERCE WAR AGAINST INFLUENCE AND PRIVILEGE. LET HIM CARRY THAT WAR NOW INTO THE RANKS OF THE "PROTECTED" YOUNGSTERS

Mr. Bevin has always waged a fierce war against influence and privilege

WHO WERE LIABLE FOR SERVICE A FEW MONTHS AGO AND ARE NOW DEEMED INDISPENSABLE IN THEIR SHELTERED JOBS.

We know, you know, and all practical people know full well that a whole army of youngish men is being kept at home under false pretences, while another army of eager lads is being wasted.

We have abundant evidence of a multitude of highly trained technical workers—farmers, miners, machine tool workers and so on—who have been called to the Colours simply because in their patriotism they joined the Territorials before the war started.

Meanwhile, too, we are forced to recognise the deliberate "racket" that switches young people with influence out of the fighting services and into "reserved occupations" of which they had no previous knowledge.

* * *

IF ERNEST BEVIN WILL TIGHTEN UP THE IMPERATIVE CALL TO NATIONAL SERVICE, IF HE WILL REPLACE EVERY FIT YOUNG MAN IN CIVILIAN EMPLOYMENT BY MIDDLE-AGED AND ELDERLY MEN OF WHOM SO MANY ARE NOW IDLE, HE WILL ALSO HAVE SOLVED THE MAJOR PROBLEM OF WAR TIME UNEMPLOYMENT.

We urge him to see that every conscientious objector exempted by his local tribunal is forced to do appropriate work of national importance at Army rates of pay.

We implore him to make the fullest use of the "monstrous"— but glorious—regiment of women now begging for an opportunity to serve the country in any capacity.

We invite his practical sympathy for the great legion of middle-aged and elderly men (mostly in clerical occupations) that has been brought to idleness by the circumstances of war, and now seeks nothing but a useful job at minimum pay.

Then at long last we shall be able to meet the "totalitarian challenge" with the total effort of this supremely capable and loyal people.

THE BLITZKRIEG

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SIGNIFICANT was the State order issued a week ago, proclaiming an amnesty for all doctors, dentists and veterinary surgeons, reducing fines, court costs and so on against members of these professions charged with civil offences or embarking on litigation.

Through Nazi racial discrimination Germany has lost about one-third of its skilled men. German military, naval and air services have taken most of the rest. Hundreds of towns and rural districts are without adequate medical care.

HOLIDAY traffic has been banned. "Our railways," says the official notice, "are suffering under terrific strain and all passenger traffic must be throttled to a minimum.' Those who pretend business reasons when they are travelling for pleasure may find themselves in a very painful situation."

GENERAL VON EPP, former military chief of Africa and Hitler's closest adviser on Nazi colonial aspirations, left secretly for East Africa a few weeks ago. He went to Italian Somaliland, taking with him the usual assortment of staff officers, former colonists of German East Africa, and others posing as tourists.

THE "1905 class" was called up in Austria a week ago. These are men born in 1885. Great posters appearing on walls in Vienna show an elderly Austrian in uniform and declare, "The faithful Austrians will decide the victory." Reason for calling men of 55 and over to the Colours is political rather than military. Nazis believe they are losing their grip on Austria, and they want men who might organise revolt in the Army.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

THE MACHINE MARCHES ON

TO-DAY the machine dominates the earth, the sea and the air. Its thunder awakens horror and fear in the hearts of millions of people.

The clash of steel-girt armies is the strident clamour of hate and death and misery—a cacophonic chorus of disaster and despair.

The air vibrates to the roar of aeroplane engines as machines streak across the skies on missions of destruction.

The land trembles under the onslaught of mighty tanks, as the monsters spread havoc in their trail.

The sea is rent by depth charges, by mine explosions as the war for ocean supremacy continues.

Everywhere the machine is boss.

Man-power, in this war of evil, is second to the monsters of steel which man has evolved.

Only the specialist counts—the pilot who flies his laden bomber, the man who drives the tank, the man who handles the great warship.

These are the men who are more than cannon-fodder; though they control the machines, they are yet part of them.

This war strikes a new note in terrorism, in tactics, in surprises. History will note the horror of mechanised might, the swiftness of its deadly thrusts, and the relentless brutality of its hate.

The British Navy with its personnel of 130,000 men has frozen into nothingness the sea-going trade of Germany with her 85,000,000 people. The blockade is the blockade of the machine that has immobilised commerce.

On land six armoured Nazi Divisions, numbering 50,000 men, swept through Poland like a lustful sword. The Polish Army of 1,000,000 men was powerless against the might of the war machine.

In this war, as in the last, man will continue to perfect the mechanical side of conflict.

★

IT is not beyond the realm of possibility that before the Nazi menace is finally crushed guns will hurl shells still further, aircraft carrying each 100 troops will blaze through the skies and even more massive tanks will pound at defensive barriers.

Ever the cry goes up . . . more 'planes, better 'planes, faster 'planes, more tanks, more armoured cars, more ships, more guns.

The machine is a hungry god. Ever it clamours to be fed and man is its slave instead of its master.

But there is consolation even in this terrible tragedy. Britain has always led the world in the quality of its machines.

In engineering, in mechanical resource, in craftsmanship and in reliability British products have surpassed those of other nations.

In this great battle of machines Britain and France, with the aid of the United States, must emerge not only as masters of victory but as masters of the world. And the machine must be subdued and tamed until it is once again the servant of mankind.

When the last war ended the world had gained an intense knowledge of vast mechanical production.

The industrial machine, geared up to abnormal speed, had proved what it could do.

To-day the machine is again geared up, this time to efforts which must surpass even those of 1914-1918. To ensure victory the industrial machine must feed the war machine, keep it ever at 100 per cent. strength.

And it must produce not only quantity but also quality.

★

FOR six years the Nazi organisation has had its industrial power on a war footing.

For six years Hitler and his bloody-minded gang have worshipped the machine, turning all its power for peaceful production into channels of death.

The Juggernaut they created gave them a sense of fanatical pride. Blindly they trusted to the might that obsessed them.

Now the monster they made is fighting a mechanised might created to preserve the liberties of man, a weapon forged by the spirit of the Democracies, a weapon that will be tested to the full and bitter end.

The machine marches on, leading the world to its destiny.

And once the banners of freedom fly unchallenged in the lands of people who love peace, the war machine must be smashed, the false idols of might and conquest overthrown, and the machine itself geared to the task of creating a happier world.

We shall achieve that aim, but not without, as Winston Churchill said, blood and sweat and toil.

Special Offer

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

if you don't agree that MALT makes QUAKER CORN FLAKES the most delicious 'ready-to-eat' cereal

Malt makes Quaker Corn Flakes so universally popular that Quaker can make this Special Offer.

Get a packet of Quaker Corn Flakes. Try them with your family. And then if you're not entirely pleased in every way, post the partially used packet to Quaker, Southall, Middlesex, and we will refund twice what you paid.

What a treat in store for you if you've not yet tried Quaker Flakes! For these are flakes with a difference — they're *malted*! All the goodness of ripe, golden corn *plus* malt. The Quaker secret malt recipe certainly makes these flakes the most appetising, nourishing, ready-to-eat cereal that you could wish for!

they're Malted!

Quaker Corn Flakes are quickest to serve, too — just lift the patent flap and pour. Close flap and flakes will keep fresh, crisp and delightfully malty right to the end.

F.100

Why do these anxious times affect some people more than others?

Scientists trace it back to sleep

1st SLEEP GROUP
The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP
2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP
The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS . . .

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more

CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists & Stores, 1/3 & 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT 193

THE HOME FRONT STANDS TO ARMS

This is a brief survey of the stolid bulwark of defence that Britain has built in the last few months against any air armada. It will remain impregnable only if everybody fulfils his obligations to the last letter.

Men of Britain's First Line of Defence control a vast, intricate yet superbly efficient chain of observation posts

NAZI threats to bomb open towns in Britain must not be taken lightly, yet they need not unduly trouble civilians as long as every possible precaution is adopted to thwart raiders.

Official announcements have emphasised the need for carrying gas-masks, creating an efficient "black-out," and watching for enemy action.

Not only the fighting services but also civilian organisations have become so efficient in their work that Britain is still an impregnable isle.

Meanwhile, these facts are reassuring.

Germany's *Luftwaffe* (as its air force is called) is designed only for army co-operation. Machines have been built and pilots trained to work with an invading army.

Goering's plans were laid on the assumption that Britain would never fight. There are few German aircraft capable of long journeys and pilots have not been trained for sea crossings.

Yet operations in Poland, Norway, Belgium and Holland have shown how effective the *Luftwaffe* is as a striking weapon.

But it has always been "bombing ahead," destroying roads, railways and aerodromes in a threatened area to simplify the work of the invading mechanised columns.

Mere wanton destruction of British cities, even if Germany had a force trained for the work, would serve no purpose.

It only invites retaliation.

And, as we have more pilots trained to operate at long distances from their bases, you can bet that the Nazi High Command is not going to ask for trouble.

FRONTIERS violated by Nazi aircraft up to the present have been long and loosely guarded.

Britain's coast line presents a compact front of only 150 miles to the aerial raiders.

As there is ample warning of a raider's approach because of the sea crossing, the enemy must meet packed ranks of fighter defence through which they can only break at fearful cost.

Do not exaggerate the effects of air bombing on civilised and reasonably defended cities.

Barcelona was the most bombed city this world has ever known, yet only 4,357 persons were killed in more than 250 raids.

More people were killed in street accidents in Barcelona during that time.

More than half these air raid victims died in the first three months of the Civil War, when Barcelona was virtually defenceless, without guns, searchlights or fighter aircraft.

The Observer Corps, Britain's first line of defence against an air armada, is now a vast, intricate, yet superbly efficient chain, covering every section of the countryside over which raiders might pass.

The personnel—civilians drawn from every trade and every walk of life from peers to dustmen—now numbers five figures. The actual number is secret.

They man watching and listening posts and control rooms throughout the twenty-four hours.

Every aircraft, friendly or enemy, that has approached Britain's coast during the last eight months has been picked up and its movements reported second by second to the R.A.F. Fighter Command.

In eight months the routine of making contact has been so well established that in recent tests in many parts of the country fighters were in the air, on their way to intercept, within five minutes of raiders being spotted out at sea.

Information had gone through a network of controls, Command had passed it to the nearest fighter units, the alarm had been given to aerodromes, pilots had reached their machines, engines had been started, and fighters were airborne—all within five minutes.

Within that time, too, all gun and searchlight posts in each area were manned. The men knew just what to expect; the height, direction and number of the approaching aircraft.

Fighter Command stations have been increased tremendously in eight months, and guns and searchlights multiplied until, in the solemnly confident words of an authority, "the country's stiff with them."

No spider, forever sensitive to every vibration of its intricate web, has greater control over its domain than the British Anti-Aircraft Command.

DAY and night it waits, so cleverly concealed that even in the big cities the civilian population is scarcely aware of its existence.

Few people notice searchlight units established in parks or other open spaces, but these camps contain at least nine men with taut nerves waiting for action.

Their duty is to find a sky target immediately they hear or see any aircraft not carrying navigation lights.

In a Searchlight Unit of nine men Number One is in charge of the crew, Numbers Two and Three are Spotters, Number Four is Projector Controller, Number Five is Arc Attendant, Numbers Six, Seven and Eight are Sound Locators, and Number Nine, the Generator Attendant, is responsible for the supply of current to the lamp.

He also drives the motor-lorry.

Each member of a Searchlight Unit is a trained specialist at his particular job.

The man operating a Sound Locator must possess such sensitive auditory nerves that he can identify the drone of motors amid a multitude of other noises.

Some of these men find they possess the best "listening" position in the middle of the forehead, where the locator band is pressed, rather than in the actual earphones.

There are also specialists whose hearing is so acute that they can distinguish between the sounds of British and German aero-engines.

SEARCHLIGHT crews are trained to recognise the aircraft of all nations by sight.

Throughout the day and night someone among them is always listening, and the whole unit can get into action in less than two minutes.

Never a week passes without "action" tests.

This same vigilance distinguishes the work of the anti-aircraft gun units scattered all over the country.

When an aircraft comes over the coast the Observer Corps report immediately to headquarters, and the Fighter Command is notified.

The direction of the incoming machine is first ascertained, and its presence reported by telephone to the first anti-aircraft sector it enters.

Thereafter, the course of the unknown aircraft is recorded every fifteen to twenty seconds. The bearing and angle of advance are plotted on a map.

The Gun Position Officer of the invaded sector must finally decide on the course of action, and then alarm-bells ring all over the camp.

Immediately all ranks rush to stations.

Guns can be manned in three minutes from the first alarm.

An anti-aircraft station usually has either two or four guns to work, and there are ten men to a gun's crew.

Number One is normally a sergeant in sole charge.

He is also a trained specialist with more than a working knowledge of every part of the weapon.

Two and Three are men who control the elevation and bearing of the gun; Four, Eight and Nine are ammunition men; Five is a loader; Six fires the gun; Seven is a fuse-setter, and Ten a spare member of the crew.

A complete anti-aircraft unit consists of three main instruments—height-finder, predictor, and gun.

Four men work the height-finder, and their task is to ascertain the height of a target as soon as it is located. The predictor is a marvellous instrument, which automatically works out the correct figures for bearing and elevation like an office adding-machine.

The training of recruits occupies about three months, and apart from physical exercises, arms drill and signalling, they are instructed in elementary gunnery and gun drill.

Every man must take a turn at various positions about the gun, and there is a chance for him to specialise in telephony, height-finding and predictor work.

IF Britain is now an arsenal, it is the best defended arsenal in the world.

To-day there are 1,250,000 men and women A.R.P. workers fully trained, and with none of the pre-war "amateurishness," standing by on 24-hour watch. They are aided by a flexible control system, operated by all local authorities, which has lost all its early overlappings and can now swing into instant action.

Deficiencies in equipment have been remedied

Fire, rescue, demolition or ambulance: all these sections of A.R.P. are now ready for instant action.

Visit any station when a practice alarm is given. There is a scramble of half-awake but fully clothed men. In less than a minute some are standing by the action stations, others are manning waiting equipment, fully loaded with oxy-acetylene cutters, ropes, and every kind of rescue apparatus.

To-day there are public shelters, proof against anything except a 500-lb. bomb falling within 30 ft., for 65 per cent. of the people likely to be caught in the streets during a raid. Anderson shelters have been provided for 12,500,000 people in danger areas.

There are more than 2,000 first aid posts throughout England and Wales equipped and prepared to deal with walking casualties; 190,000 ambulances are ready; 300,000 hospital beds can be made available.

Every local authority has at least one mobile unit, a hospital on wheels, that can go out at once to give life-saving surgical treatment on the spot.

Every one of the varied personnel has now gone through a full First Aid course.

The latest defence measure, volunteer sharpshooters and watchers against parachute troops, has swung swiftly into operation.

A.R.P. alone costs the country £300,000 a day. This formidable figure maintains a citizen army trained, equipped, and ready to deal with anything Hitler may send.

"It Was The Same In The Last War"

IT was just the same in the last War, there were always the people who knew that things were not going well for us, that we'd never struggle through. That the enemy was so well prepared and were such an organised race, whereas we simply muddled through everything, with no idea what we'd got to face!

IT was just the same in the last War, according to folk who knew *we were losing on every front and still didn't know the first thing to do. The Germans were wonderful people, they played false, but they held all the tricks, they lit Candles of Victory on War's Giant Cake (but the Allies snuffed all their wicks!).*

IT was just the same in the last War, our Big Men were all far too slow, in fact not one of them knew his job, we were all set for the knock-out blow. But we went on our way serenely, taking reverses and gains in our stride, for it's not in our make-up to unduly boast or our losses to artfully hide.

IT was just the same in the last War, those short Victories round every bend, but the Victory that really counted was the Victory that brought WAR TO AN END. The Victory that came through the Darkness like the Flash of a naked Sword, the Victory of Right over Wrong which is THE VICTORY OF THE LORD.

AND the reason we won in the last War, was we fought for a Cause that was Just. We held then, as now, our Place in the world of Honour, and Truth, and Trust. And so when you hear folk saying, the things that they think should be done, remember they said it all before, in the Last War we Safely WON.

J. M.

"I'm not worrying—with 40 MONTHS TO PAY and NO DEPOSIT at JAYS

BUY NOW on Credit while you can

10/- MONTHLY or 2/6 weekly

NO DEPOSIT

This very smart and comfortable 3-piece Suite is upholstered in Rexine with loose sprung cushions in velveteen. Beautifully made throughout and will give a lifetime's wear and service.

SEND THIS NOW

It's all so Easy at JAYS

Select from the huge stocks of New designs made from Pre-War materials. Pay the first monthly instalment and the goods are delivered. NO WAITING · NO WORRY.

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LEEDS ..... 5-6, Lower Briggate
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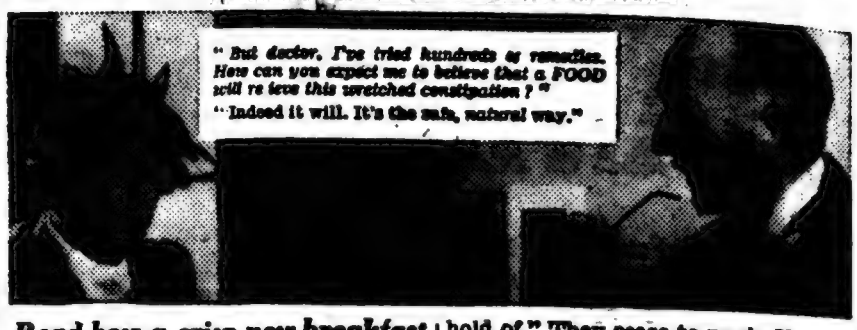
PORTSMOUTH 219-223, Commercial Rd.
BRISTOL .....17, Stokes Croft
BRIGHTON ..... 126-127, Queens Road
CARDIFF .....52-53, St. Mary Street
COVENTRY.....4, Fleet Street
HULL, 81, Prospect St.; 85-87, Wright St
WOLVERHAMPTON, 50a-51, Snowhill
LUTON :..... 61, George Street
NOTTINGHAM ..... 24-28, Derby Road
TAUNTON.....59, East Street
TRURO .....29, Boscawen Street
170 OTHER BRANCHES

CONSTIPATION GONE IN A WEEK WITHOUT MEDICINE


"But doctor, I've tried hundreds of remedies. How can you expect me to believe that a FOOD will relieve this wretched constipation?"
"Indeed it will. It's the safe, natural way."

Read how a crisp new breakfast FOOD relieved this woman's stubborn case of constipation after she had tried hundreds of remedies in vain.

"I HAVE suffered terribly from constipation. Of course I tried remedies. They gave me relief at first, but soon I was as bad as ever. At last, a nurse told me about All-Bran. Imagine my surprise — and my joy — when I found it really worked! In a week I was regular and I've been so ever since." (Name on file.)

The case quoted above may seem astonishing but it's true! What's more, All-Bran has brought relief to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have suffered from constipation.

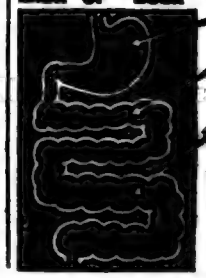
Your doctor will explain that the cause of constipation is lack of bulk in modern foods. White bread, milk, meat, potatoes, etc., contain hardly any bulk. They get almost completely absorbed into the system, and the residue they leave in the bowels is not bulky enough for the muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work. You get constipated.

Purgatives cannot give you lasting relief — they do not get at the *cause*. What's more, they irritate the bowel and this may lead to serious harm.

Doctors today recommend All-Bran. This crisp breakfast food supplies the bulk that muscles need to take hold of and so brings about a *normal* movement.

Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of fluids, and you can say goodbye to constipation for ever. Ask your grocer today for Kellogg's All-Bran.

LACK OF "BULK" CAUSES CONSTIPATION



1. STOMACH — *where food is prepared for further digestion.*
2. SMALL INTESTINE — *where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.*
3. LARGE INTESTINE — *where the residue of unabsorbed foodsis expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not "bulky" enough the muscles have nothing to "take hold of" and constipation results.*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Not a drug, not a medicine, but a crisp delicious breakfast FOOD

Does your breakfast—

SPOIL YOUR LUNCH?

Can you face your lunch? Eat it with gusto, enjoy it and rise refreshed and alert—or do you keep remembering your breakfast—do you get that slight feeling of discomfort, that queer taste in your mouth—palpitation, heartburn, flatulence or worse still, that tightness across your chest, that grinding pain in your stomach? THEN WHY DO YOU? Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets can STOP YOUR MISERY in two minutes—suck one or two ANYWHERE, ANYTIME and enjoy your food, eat what you like when you like with no regrets.

3 reasons why Meggeson Tablets INSTANTLY STOP STOMACH PAIN

1 MEGGESON Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets contain warming carminative ingredients which instantly comfort and relieve the delicate stomach, combining naturally with the saliva, they do not burden the stomach with harsh Alkali which gives only temporary relief—they *contain no chalk.*

2 Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets are compounded to a formula tested for over 40 years, by the House of Meggeson, famous for Pastilles, Lozenges and Tablets since 1796. Our experience may be yours today.

3 Your indigestion may be due to many causes, two of which are ACIDOSIS or ALKALOSIS — BE CAREFUL — you must avoid setting up Alkalosis by taking harsh alkalines into the stomach. MEGGESON Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets are perfectly balanced to give complete and *absolute* STOMACH COMFORT in a moment.

Take MEGGESON Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets today and get immediate STOMACH COMFORT.

MEGGESON 1/3 & 3/3 Brand

Bismuth DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Meggeson & Co., Ltd., Llewellyn St., London, S.E.16

Quick, easy, thorough way

TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible — then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden bend...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening — the pan is clean & sanitary.
4

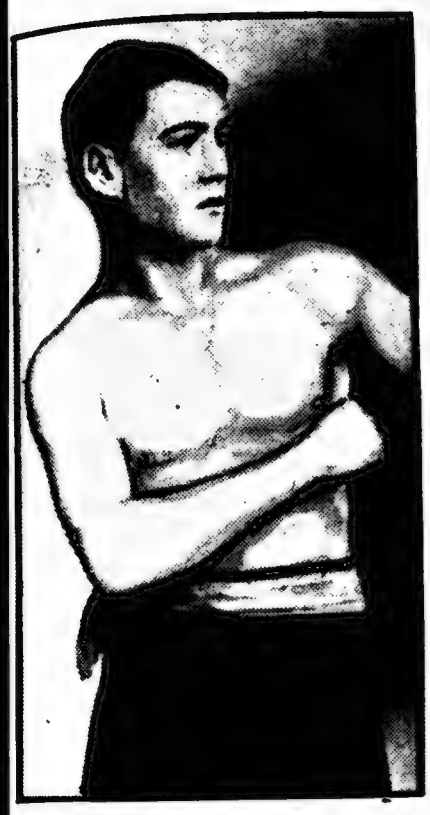
TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

NEGRO BOXER BEATEN BY OWN FISTS!

A. W. HELLIWELL adding another chapter to his stories of "Giants of the Ring," introduces fighting Jim Molony who stayed to win even when he was "out" on his feet



Although his one concern was to take his licking like a man, Jim Molony proved that he could also triumph

BACK against the ropes, chin resting on his chest, a trickle of blood running down one cheek from the ugly gash above his left eye, the white man sagged helplessly.

His gloved fists pawed the air as he tried to defend himself against the crushing punches.

Moving with swift, lithe grace, the negro slid in and out on dancing feet.

Handsome Bobby Dobbs, Baltimore Wonder, fresh from the American triumphs that had included a twenty-rounds points decision over the great Joe Gans, had come to England with a sky-high reputation. And now he was proving it well deserved.

For six rounds he had plastered young Jim Molony.

From the second when he had come tearing out of his corner like a streak of lightning the coloured lightweight had set a reckless, hurricane pace.

The English boy, shaken by Dobbs' first terrific left to his chin, could do nothing against the flying gloves.

He was virtually "out" on his feet.

Ringsiders were beginning to reach for their hats; the gamblers were loudly offering 20-1 against Molony.

They were wrong, and it is because of the miraculous manner in which he turned what seemed certain defeat into glorious victory that plucky little Jim Molony finds a place among my Giants of the Ring.

The last time I saw him was in the snug parlour of the little public-house he had bought just off the sea-front at Brighton.

Jim, a trifle thicker round the waist, told me that at one time during that amazing fight he relinquished all thoughts of winning.

His one concern was to take his licking like a man.

Then to his astonishment the tide of battle turned.

Molony was a schoolboy when he laced on the gloves for the first time at the old Broad Street Athletic Club.

Although he was only twenty-two when he met Dobbs, he was already a ring veteran, having fought his way from coast to coast during a successful tour of the United States.

It was the knowledge he had thus acquired of tricks employed by Yankee fighters that enabled him to turn the tables on the Baltimore negro.

Dobbs was no thick-skulled slugger.

He was a cultured, softly spoken fellow, a clever, quick-witted strategist.

He had proved this by the audacious manner in which he had bluffed Dick Burge just before his clash with Molony.

Because no one in England knew him, Dobbs employed another negro to impersonate him. While he was getting into first-class fighting trim on the outskirts of London, his "double" was hanging around West End saloons with beautiful blondes.

Burge eased up in his own preparation, convinced that he had nothing to beat, and he received one of the biggest surprises of his life when he saw the smiling, superbly fit negro facing him across the ring!

THE American adopted another ruse against Molony.

They fought in four-ounce gloves, but Dobbs, banking on an early knock-out, had his hands taped so heavily that he carried at least eight ounces in each

Every time the negro landed a punch he was hitting with a solid half-pound of tightly wound bandage and leather!

He was in marvellous physical condition.

His sable skin had a satiny gleam under the ring lights, and when he walked to the centre of the canvas to shake hands his slender body seemed alive with rippling muscle.

"How are you, Molony?" he said in his disarmingly gentle voice. "I hope it will be a good fight."

Once in his corner, he sat tense, half-crouched over his restlessly moving gloves, impatiently shuffling his boots in the resin.

The gong catapulted him from his stool.

He was still bent double and his gloves almost brushed the canvas as he weaved in. As he reached Molony, he straightended up and punched.

Before the white man could counter, Dobbs smashed home three more sledge-hammer blows. Then he danced out of range, bobbing and weaving with incredible speed.

Another flurry of lefts and rights sent Molony rocking on his heels.

Desperately the English boy tried to cover up, but the black fighter's swinging gloves carved holes in his defence.

The second round was even more disastrous.

PUNCHING harder than ever, Dobbs smashed Molony to the ropes with a left hook and caught him with a vicious right as he bounced off.

Molony walked into the punch and it dropped him in his tracks. He rolled over on his face and groggily levered himself to his knees as the count reached six. Then he was up, staggering wildly on rubbery legs while the negro's fists thudded and hammered into his ribs and face.

The American used the white man as a punching-bag for four more rounds, and by the end of the sixth Molony scarcely had the strength to reach his corner.

As he collapsed on to his stool, his brother Paddy urged him to quit.

"Give him best, Jim," he urged. "You've taken enough punishment. You won't be disgraced."

But young Molony shook his head.

Towards the end of that round the truth had dawned on him.

Gambling on a quick knock-out, Dobbs had come into the ring with over-bandaged hands. Now he was beginning to tire with the effort of swinging half a pound in each hand.

Jim whispered his suspicion to his brother.

"Let me go on," he said. "Just for another couple of rounds. I believe he's shot his bolt. His punches are losing their steam."

ZIP was gone from the negro's punches. The dazzling speed had vanished. And now it was the white man's turn.

Fresh strength seemed to surge into his aching limbs as he realised that there was a chance.

The effect on the crowd was electrifying. At the end of one round Molony had seemed to be tottering on the brink of defeat. At the beginning of the next he was chasing Dobbs from corner to corner.

The negro's tactics made him difficult to hit, but Molony's long, straight left thudded into his face.

With this punch the English boy piled up the points with which he reduced Dobbs' lead in the following minutes.

In the closing stages of the fight even the gamblers who had so confidently laid 20-1 against Molony were yelling frenzied encouragement to him.

At the end of the twentieth round his right hand was raised in the victor's salute.

How Nazis Missed The Gold Bus

"John Bull" has already described how Polish Treasury officials determined to keep their country's £21,000,000 gold hoard out of Hitler's hands, rushed seventy-five tons of the precious bullion across the frontier in commandeered omnibuses and finally put it aboard a French warship, despite bombs and saboteurs. This treasure now lies in vaults of the Bank of France while Hitler goes on vainly trying to catch the elusive metal in first one country, then another.

IN every invasion gold has always eluded the desperate Nazis. As though intent on cheating them, it has always been the first fugitive from war. Yet it is essential that Hitler adds to the fast diminishing hoard that is his only real hope of doing business with neutrals for vital materials.

Experts were convinced that eight months ago he had only £6,000,000 worth of gold in the vaults of Berlin.

Everywhere the Nazis go they find the gold cupboard is bare. It was so in Holland where cunning burghers had long made sure Hitler was not going to lay hands on their hard-won wealth.

The Dutch Gold and Foreign Exchange Reserve amounted to £160,000,000. Of this, at least half is now in the United States; £40,000,000 lies in the national banks of various other neutral countries, while the rest is now being delivered at secret destinations.

All except £16,000,000 of it has slipped through Hitler's fingers like golden sand.

Belgium's gold reserve amounted to £190,000,000. Until a few days ago it was housed in a Maginot Line of underground forts in Ostend. These vaults were designed as much for the accessibility in time of trouble as for their impregnability. And the site was well chosen.

Half that gold reserve is now in the United States; the rest in London. Once more Hitler has failed to get his gold.

Nazis may have looted the Danish larder, but the £12,000,000 gold reserve of the Danish National Bank is safe in the United States.

Hitler hoped to find rich plunder in Oslo.

Instead, the £33,000,000 Norwegian gold reserve was taken from village to village up the Gudbrands Valley ahead of the German troops. It was then carried to safe storage in London in a British warship.

Sweden has gradually shipped her £74,000,000 out of Hitler's way.

At the beginning of the war, the Swiss rushed £125,000,000 in solid gold from the vaults of the National Bank in Zurich to specially prepared caves of granite and steel in various parts of the Alps.

But later had the greater part of the treasure shipped to the United States.

Sixty per cent. of the world's gold is now stored in America.

Buried under a mountain at Fort Knox, in the heart of Kentucky, between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountains, and in the midst of a military reservation, its position is virtually impregnable.

Teach them – the Odol Smile

There's no finer lesson the kiddies can learn than the daily use of Odol Tooth-paste—creator of the Odol smile. They'll thank you, and Odol, in the years to come for the priceless gift of sound teeth, perfectly preserved. Start them on Odol—now.

Odol Tooth-paste, in tubes, 6d. and 1/- from all chemists or stores.
If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

Keep the Winning Odol Smile!

How can you Get SLIM for Summer

Make sure of a lovely slim figure this Summer with the aid of Bile Beans. Start taking Bile Beans now—just a couple nightly. Soon that surplus fat will melt away, leaving graceful curves and slender lines. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; besides removing unwanted fat, they tone up the system, purify the blood and make you gloriously fit and well. If you want to improve your health and your figure so that you'll look your best in your swim suit and new summery dresses, just remember to take Bile Beans at bedtime.

"Bile Beans not only improved my figure but made me fit again. When special reducing preparations and dieting had no effect. Bile Beans safely removed 14 lbs. of excess fat." Mrs. E. C., South Stanley.

Take Nightly

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

And 'Slim While You Sleep'

The Navy is here!

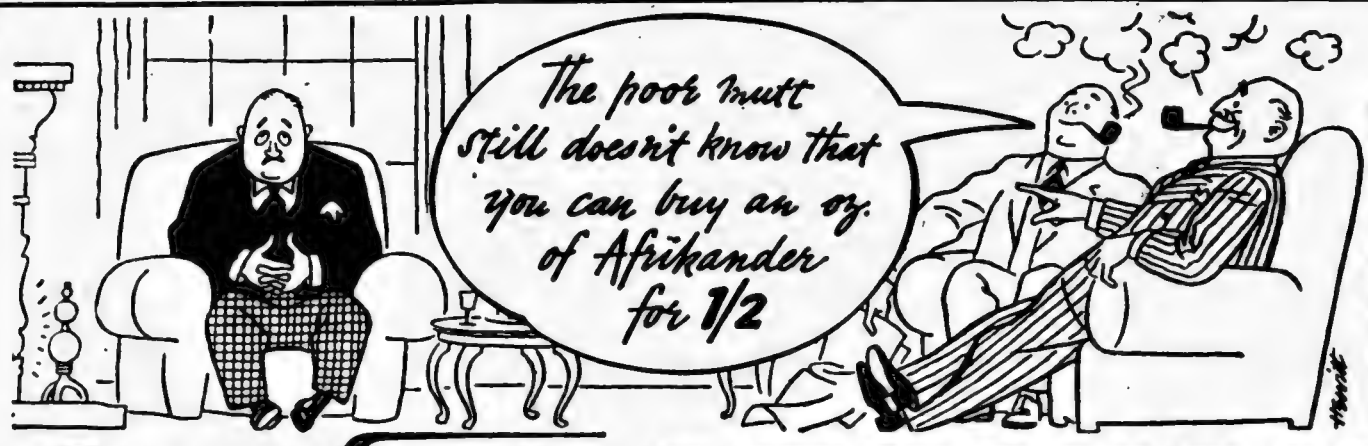
When the rescuers of the Altmark's prisoners shouted those words, they were not trying to coin a slogan. They were echoing the very thought which has brought comfort to countless thousands of seafarers through the centuries. "The Navy is here!"

You would no more think of a Britain without command of the seas, than of an England without its inns and beer. And how much comfort and strength have *they* brought to us during these long months of war.

In the pub we have found a common meeting place. Brightness in the black-out. Warmth in the cold. Cheerfulness in the midst of worry.

And we can drink beer there. Mild or bitter, ale or stout, this true drink of Englishmen has done well for England. Its barley malt and hops are wholesome fare.

But there is another reason why we drink beer. We like it!



Why grouse about the increased cost of smoking when you can still get an ounce of Afrikander for 1/2? Buy some to-day. After the first satisfying pipeful you'll realise how much you've missed—after the thousandth you'll know that here is the tobacco for the rest of your pipe-life . . . and it still only costs 1/2 the ounce.

1/2 an ounce

MIXTURE, FLAKE, NAVY MILD, SHAG, HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

IN FRANCE. FRS. 3 PER OZ. TIN AT ALL NAAFI CANTEENS.

NO GUM .. NO SOAP .. NO SPIRIT .. NO STARCH

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

IN HANDY JARS, BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/- Larger bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10

wyds 709D

★ The Man Who Was Left

MR. POTTER sat alone on the 7.45. The last of them. Before the war they were four a side. Potter and Barnes, Cotton and Yule, Feather and Jackson and Langman and Pell. Eight of them.

And now Mr. Potter, the sole survivor, last of them, sat alone.

Well, it was better than getting up at half-past five.

From Mr. Potter's far-away boyhood an old song came drifting back, bringing with it memories of long-forgotten gas-burners, antimacassars and Sunday nights. "Where is now the merry party I remember long ago . . .?"

Before the war. . . . Those were the days. Four a side, all the way to Victoria. It used to be the best part of the day. And now the war had broken it all up.

They were a Nice Lot of Lads. Ready to listen when he had something to tell. Nobody knows everything, and if you pass on the bits you know it spreads and everybody's the better for it.

A Nice Lot of Lads!

Yet until Mr. Potter told them, they never knew that Francis Drake was really a pirate, that the stars on the American flag represented the original number of States, that if you cut a lettuce instead of pulling it it grew again, that the Queen Victoria Jubilee sixpence looked exactly like the Queen Victoria Jubilee half-sovereign, that Vesta Tilley used to sing "After the Ball," and that there are seven columns to the average page of a newspaper.

The arguments they used to have!

And it's really remarkable what the ordinary fellow *doesn't* know. You couldn't believe it until you came to tackle him.

Great days, those old days. . . . The 7.45 was as good as a debating society. And they could have gone on, so far as Mr. Potter was concerned, until his retiring age. It would have suited him.

It didn't seem to suit Adolf Hitler, and the war came.

BARNES was the first to go.

On the Monday after the outbreak the train was half an hour late in. This you could understand in the circumstances, but it was half an hour late in on the Tuesday and again on the following Friday. And this, according to Barnes, wasn't any good for the business.

"What can you do?" said Cotton.

"Catch the seven," said Barnes.

"Seven o'clock?" said Mr. Potter, amazed.

"Yes," said Barnes.

"In the morning?" said Mr. Potter, "or down at night."

"Seven o'clock in the morning," said Barnes.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Potter. "What time would you have to get up?"

Barnes did a bit of mental arithmetic.

"Half-past five," he announced.

"Brghh!" snorted Mr. Potter. "Half-past five in the morning! Half-past four by the sun!!! No, thank you. Not for me."

Which reminded him of a few things they didn't know about the introduction of Summer Time and its inventor. He passed them on.

Things were quieter on the 7.45 after Barnes left. He had been rather the life and soul of the party, and his departure, with the war into the bargain, didn't exactly make for mirth.

Yule went next, but this time it was the black-out.

"Hopeless getting home at night," he said. "So I'm closing an hour earlier, to get away before it's really dark, and going up on the early train with Barnes."

"And getting up at half-past five?" said Mr. Potter.

"And getting up at half-past five," said Yule.

"Brghh!" snorted Mr. Potter. "I couldn't do that to save my life."

Four a side . . . and now he was the last of them.

Cotton, Feather, Jackson, Langman and Pell—one by one they had followed the others, until now only Mr. Potter was left.

A Nice Lot of Lads.

A real merry party.

He thought of them often as he sat alone on the 7.45. Thought of them getting up at half-past five every morning to catch the early train.

"Half-past five!" he would exclaim aloud to the empty compartment. "Not for me. Never! Nothing could make me."

*

The Nine O'clock Up People were the Best People. They admitted it. They would rather have been found dead than talking to the Seven Forty-Fivers. As for actually travelling on the 7.45 itself. . . . No, not even in the dark.

But war, as some bright soul once said, Does Things. It plays havoc with time-tables. It turns businesses upside down.

One by one the Nine O'clock Up People, finding they had to get up to town earlier, began to creep on to the 7.45.

The Impossible Woman was the first. Mr. Potter hated the sight of her from the first glimpse. He tried to be amiable.

And now, Mr. Potter, the sole survivor of them, sat alone . . .

Always he tried to be amiable. But it didn't work. Not with the Impossible Woman. She just looked through you.

Mr. Potter happened to be whistling "After the Ball."

"There are not many people, madam," he said amiably, "who happen to know that that was one of Vesta Tilley's first songs."

"I beg your pardon," said the Impossible Woman, looking through Mr. Potter.

"'After the Ball,'" said Mr. Potter.

"I beg your pardon," said the Impossible Woman, again looking through Mr. Potter.

"One of Vesta Tilley's early songs," said Mr. Potter.

THE Impossible Woman looked right through him.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

Mr. Potter gave it up and retired behind his newspaper.

And the next morning he was careful to find out which compartment the Impossible Woman was sitting in and to climb into another quickly.

Spats turned up next, two or three days later. Spats was hopeless. He bored you to tears. The only word he seemed to know was "Really."

Mr. Potter, changing a ten-shilling note for a beer, happened to remark that that reminded him.

"There are not many people," he said, "who know that the Queen Victoria Jubilee sixpence was exactly the same as the Queen Victoria Jubilee half-sovereign."

"Really?" said Spats.

"Silver instead of gold, of course," Mr. Potter explained. "Otherwise exactly alike."

"Really?" said Spats.

"When you come to think of it," Mr. Potter went on, "it's remarkable what a lot of little things a lot of people don't know."

Spats waited, although the expression on his face gave you no idea of what he was waiting for.

"Really?" said Spats eventually.

"Really" to everything! It got on your nerves.

Mr. Potter tolerated Spats for three mornings and then he couldn't stand it any longer. He got in another compartment.

The invasion progressed rapidly. Nine O'clock Up People popped up all over the place and the 7.45 wasn't like the 7.45 any more.

Mr. Potter used to mope and look out of the window and sigh for the old days gone by, when he and the Nice Lot of Lads were always four a side and life was really worth living.

Mr. Potter was squeezed out of one compartment and into another, out of the other into the next. His morning journey degenerated into a series of escapes. He loathed the Nine O'clock Up People and spent most of his time getting away from them.

Until at last he was driven into the company of the Three Belted Earls. There was no other compartment left.

The Three Belted Earls had *stares*. It was like looking at three blank walls at once.

Mr. Potter, just at first, did try being amiable, but it was a horrible frost.

He told the Three Belted Earls a few things they didn't know about the introduction of Summer Time and its inventor, but they didn't even thank him. They *stared*, and the three blank walls were blanker than ever.

Mr. Potter didn't try again.

The Three Belted Earls talked to each other a great deal in loud voices and they *would* say "Absolutely."

WILL SCOTT'S short story this week is devoted to the greatest bore who ever travelled on the Nine o'clock Up to Town

"Heating system on these trains is pre-Stone Age."

"Absolutely."

"Absolutely."

"Leave one to freeze to death."

"Absolutely."

"Absolutely."

"News not too good this morning."

"No."

"Shares be worth nothing after a couple of years of this."

"That is certainly a fact."

"Oh, absolutely."

"Absolutely, yes."

It was terrifying. Mr. Potter's skin used to tingle. He could hear the word "absolutely" before it came. He found himself getting ready for it. He used to say it with them, under his breath.

"If you ask me, old man, Hitler's beaten and he knows it."

"Absolutely."

"Absolutely."

"No doubt about it."

"Oh, absolutely."

"My opinion is that he wishes he hadn't started it."

"Oh, absolutely."

"Absolutely, yes."

Until the morning came, when Mr. Potter could stand it no longer.

"It's unbearable" he told himself. "Absolutely! If I have just one more morning of this I shall go off my head. Absolutely! There's only one thing to be done."

AND he did it. Going home that night he bought an alarm-clock.

"What's that for?" asked his wife.

"I'm catching the early train in future," said Mr. Potter.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Potter.

"On the 7.45," he replied, "I've got myself saddled with three of the most terrible bores that ever lived. They'd bore me to suicide if I had any more. Absolutely this! Absolutely that! I can stand a lot of things, but I can't stand being bored. And so in future I'm getting up at half-past five. Even that's better."

"Well, I never!" said his wife.

Waiting for the early train on the platform were Barnes and Cotton and Yule, Feather and Jackson and Langman and Pell.

Barnes suddenly pulled Cotton's sleeve.

"Look who's there! Coming up the steps!"

Cotton looked. They all looked.

"Ye gods! That damned old bore, Potter! Catching the early train!"

And when they asked him if he was catching the early train for keeps he said "Yes."

So that the following morning all of them, with the exception of Mr. Potter himself, were back on the 7.45.

3 LETTERS FROM 3 PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT SLEEP

All suffered from Nerve Weakness
None had much of an appetite

IN EVERY CASE

Dr. Cassells Tablets brought Peaceful Sleep and a Speedy Recovery to Health

1. **Mrs. C., Wolverhampton**
"Dr. Cassells Tablets have done my nerves a great deal of good. I am such a lot better AND CAN SLEEP NOW, which I could not before. Dr. Cassells are worth their weight in gold."

2. **Mrs. P. C., Sheen, S.W.14**
"I WAS WORN TO A SHADOW. Then I got my first bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets. NOW I SLEEP LIKE A TOP. My nerves are strong. I eat better. I feel 20 years younger."

3. **Mrs. H. E. G., London**
"I COULD NEVER SLEEP AT NIGHT. I was a nervous wreck. Then someone suggested Dr. Cassells Tablets. I tried them—the result was wonderful. I am feeling quite myself again now. I SLEEP! My nerves are better."

THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get YOUR bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets today! The powerful aid of this magnificent tonic will put you on your feet. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- everywhere. Trial size: 9d.

TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS —AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

A DAZZLING SMILE? ONLY IF TEETH ARE WHITE

When you meet a woman whose smile attracts because of the faultless colour of her teeth, it is safe to say she has discovered how marvellously the new type of toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid whitens teeth. Use this method yourself and see your teeth improve in colour every day. Start to-day! Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' This sets up a harmless chemistry in the mouth which instantly neutralizes destructive mouth acids, and blanches away all yellowness and stains besides preventing ugly tartar and decay. You will realize why so many screen and stage stars use Phillips' Dental Magnesia exclusively. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

YADIL CLEARS CATARRH

Sufferers from Catarrh will find speedy relief with YADIL. An internal antiseptic which is taken like ordinary medicine. It will clean the poisoning germs from your system—even in the most obstinate of cases. Use also a weak solution as a gargle or douche—it is remarkably effective.

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Grin and Bear It!

Snappier News Items

By OLIVER PLUSH

NEWSPAPERS may soon have to adopt a new technique in presenting to their panting readers those tit-bits of information for which they yearn.

Your old uncle, known to the boys of the dry canteen as "Up-to-the-minute Olly," has already evolved a scheme of things to cope with that particular spot of trouble.

Compression, my beloved 'earers, is the secret.

Thus, news in the "Oliver Oracle," with which is incorporated the "Plush Clarion and Wallop-sinkers' Sentinel," would be presented something after this style:—

PARLIAMENT
Met again to-day.

LOVERS
REUNITED
Met again to-day.

RACING
RESUMED
Bet again to-day.

ALLIED
SUCCESSES
Yet again to-day.

WEATHER
FORECAST
(CENSORED)
again to-day.

Great Thought

We may all be made from the same mould, but some of us seem to be a lot mouldier than the others.

Movie Story

Having sat through a film that seemed to be all Pacific palm trees and purple passion, I came away wondering why the movie moguls didn't call the picture "The Girl Who Took Sarong Turning."

The football must be the British sphere of influence about which we hear so much.

Sales Report

A flapper niece who recently started work in the City has received the Ancient Order of the Boot (First Class). Her boss told her to order a dozen sandbags, and the silly little twit later produced twelve pairs of beach pyjamas.

Often the Way

"The feminine of 'bachelor,'" writes Aunt Agatha in a burst of revelation, "ought to be 'lady-in-waiting.'"

Half a Mow

Mr. J. R. B. Branson, of South Clapham, London, has been in the public eye recently because he has eaten, and enjoyed, grass mowings from many a lawn during the last three years. The least that can be done is to elect him a life member of the Turf Club.

Heard about de Vere? Most peculiar. He remembered the old song, "If you want to know the time ask a policeman." So he dialled 999, and when the cop turned up he got him to dial TIM.

Happy Memories

Do you remember the old days before we started digging for victory when we were content to call a spade a spade?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE WORTHING HERALD: "Four other evacuee boys were bound over for twelve months for stealing fifty GOLD balls."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Entertainments and THREATS had been given to children."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"All vessels wishing to enter or leave the Clyde must obtain OBSTRUCTIONS for safe passage."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Some DANCES do not like signing on English ships."

THE "STAR":—"London Transport is to run special EVACUATED CHILDREN."

REYNOLDS's NEWS:—"The mighty Wearsiders must have offered a silent PLAYER of thanks to their captain at the end of the game."

THE "STAR":—"The PEALS have been mislaid."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"A torpedo or torpedoes nit her and she went right down in a couple of MINUETS."

WORCESTERSHIRE NEWS AND TIMES:—"Terrific explosions carried away the BRIDE and saloon below."

THE DONCASTER GAZETTE:—"David N——, who portrays devil-may-care lieutenants so well, dies a hero's death with a MILE on his face."

NEWCASTLE "EVENING CHRONICLE":—"... each-way bet on a RACEHOUSE."

NUNEATON CHRONICLE:—"PARSONS of seventeen years and over can now drive an agricultural tractor on the public highway from one farm to another."

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, and to think I was 'ere on a charabanc tour of the battlefields just before all this started, and 'ad to pay for it, too"

THE LAST LAUGH

MOTORIST (Southport).—"When I was out the other day I met my idea of a wonderful girl." Did you drive your idea home?

HISTORIAN (Andover).—"There is one thing about the ancient Greeks that nobody can deny." That they are dead?

PEGGY (Luton).—"I might have been an actress of international repute but for one thing." You can't act?

MR. A. (Crowhurst).—"My wife thinks I should go far with my rich baritone voice." See letter below.

MRS. A. (Crowhurst).—"I could see my husband in Timbuctoo when he starts bawling all the latest songs." See letter above.

E. V. (Atherstone).—"A diet of salt fish and dry rice would give any man a magnificent physique." To say nothing of a magnificent thirst.

S. N. (Reading).—"A picnic can be spoiled by a single wasp." And completely ruined by a married one with a large family.

MRS. H. (Esher).—"What do you think my sister-in-law said when I told her I had just come from the beauty parlour?" That it was a pity it was closed?

J. P. (Malvern).—"I think a special badge should be given to the man who pays all his rates and taxes in advance." But would he have anything left to pin it on?

D. B. (Hayle).—"If a man crooned for about two hours every day, he would live to be a hundred." Provided, of course, that his nearest neighbour lived about twenty miles away.

D. M. (Hampstead).—"After studying the inmates of the Zoo, I am convinced that animals do actually laugh." Don't be so sensitive—they probably didn't notice you at all.

SPINSTER (Bath).—"I enclose a photograph of myself taken recently. How old would you say I was?" Well, we'd say twenty-two, but what we think is another matter!

ESTHER (Putney).—"Can you imagine what it is like to sit next to the man you love and feel your innermost soul vibrate?" Boy friend just bought a motor-bike?

E. W. (Perth).—"My wife said I was wrong but I knew it was time to get up." Why, had baby fallen asleep?

M. B. (Kensington).—"I simply love horses." Is that why we saw you riding one with your arms around its neck?

K. F. (Rochford).—"I regret that my son is a blackguard, and have advised him to take a leaf out of my book." Mind he doesn't take it out of your cheque book.

G. S. (Ludlow).—"One baby is born in New York every three minutes, says a newspaper." That must be awfully tiresome for the baby.

F. R. (Cambridge).—"A man was in court recently for the third time for stealing whisky." Perhaps the doctor had told him to knock off alcohol.

S. M. (Westbury).—"I always make a practice of burning bills when they have been paid." Some people don't wait till then.

ESSIE (Thorpe).—"My pet lamb invaded the front garden and trampled on the tulips." As a stern warning show it the mint in the kitchen garden.

STAMMERER (Croydon).—"After I had finished my recitation, I told the audience that I would sing 'On the Banks of Allan Water.'" We expect they were delighted at the news that you were hopping it!

U. T. (Walsall).—"My uncle has conceived a plan whereby he could defeat Hitler with three hammer blows, but unfortunately there's a snag in it." He hasn't got a hammer?

VICAR (Yorkshire).—"What do you think the young boy said when I told him I should call round and thank his father for the eight fine apples he had just given me?" Asked you to thank him for a dozen?

BENJAMIN (Ventnor).—"I was fined for speeding, although I assured the magistrates that I could have pulled up in a yard if necessary." Yes, but people don't like their yards being used for that purpose.

KIT (Rugeley).—"I have a neighbour who is always smoking a cigar butt. I've never yet seen him with the whole cigar." Well, people don't throw away whole cigars, do they?

R. B. (Halifax).—"A lot of people sing when facing danger." And vice versa.

M. S. (Grimsby).—"I am not much good with my hands, but when it comes to my head, there I shine." Bald?

C. D. (Ruislip).—"Smuggling through the Customs is most unpatriotic, I think." Yes; people who do that forget their duty to their country.

L. D. (London, S.E.).—"My neighbour is continually wisecracking. He thinks he is very funny." The chap who thinks himself a wit is usually half right.

H. A. (Kingswood).—"When we saw a cow and calf rubbing noses I told my girl friend it made me want to do the same." But it is possible that a cow or calf would object to that.

W. M. (Margate).—"In a recent speech Dr. Ley said that Germany would destroy the British Navy." It must have been a revelation to his listeners to learn that this had not already been done.

D. B. (Ely).—"Wouldn't you object if your wife started knocking the dust out of your best serge suit with a carpet beater?" Yes, if we happened to be in it at the time.

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HANDS OFF ORIENT ISLES!

Dutch East Indies. . . .

Remote, tropical, languorous, yet they come into the mud of this grim European contest.

With Holland engulfed in war, Japan hints that she has a prime interest in seeing that no other country takes them. The United States shows that she will brook no Japanese interference by moving her battleships near.

While Japanese and Americans glower, and Holland seizes the 150,000 tons of German shipping that took refuge there, France and Britain confer as to how they can defend these tropic isles.

If you think this is an unnecessary storm over a few shimmering little gems set in the Pacific, read this story of a "John Bull" man who visited them just before the war.

NOT without reason did the taxpayers of Britain spend £20,000,000 to convert the mangrove swamps of Singapore into a Gibraltar of the East.

Britain's king-pin of the Pacific, Singapore, with its wonderful fortifications, bombing squadrons and naval base, would change from an immense Empire asset into a terrible liability were any other power to snatch these islands from Holland.

Gems they may be, but they stretch 3,000 miles from the Indian Ocean towards Australia. It's impossible to enter or leave Singapore without steaming through waters dominated by the Dutch East Indies.

That's their importance to Britain.

Their importance to other nations tends to make them one of the juiciest bones of contention in this new world war.

It is almost unbelievable that little Holland should own these territories, seventy-two times her size and comprising (after the British and French) the third largest Empire in the world.

For the Indies yield 33 per cent. of the world's rubber, 84 per cent. of its pepper, 18 per cent. of its tin and tea, 8 per cent. of its sugar and coffee, 78 per cent. of its kapok, 98 per cent. of its quinine and other valuable drugs—**and more oil than all the rest of the Far East put together.**

HOLLAND would be merely poor little Holland without this fabulously wealthy pocket empire.

Yet 8,000,000 people, unable to provide one-tenth of the soldiers or ships necessary for its defence, found themselves in shaky control of islands capitalised with more than £200,000,000 of overseas money.

Because of this empire Queen Wilhelmina is one of the richest queens in all history.

It fell into Holland's hands when half the world was going begging, and nobody had ever heard of a city called Tokyo.

Civilisation came—and Holland saw no reason why her treasure house of the East should ever be taken from her. She played the good neighbour to other Powers with Pacific interests. She minded her own business, her own remunerative business.

But she forgot one thing.

All-important oil, now the life-blood of power.

Japan needs that oil.

She can buy it, as she buys so many other things from the Dutch East Indies.

Yet the strain of buying raw materials necessary for her growing armaments and her industries from these neighbouring islands causes Japan to make envious eyes at the rubber, tin, sugar and oil of the Indies.

Japan knows what it means to be poor in raw materials.

At the conclusion of her war with Russia, a victorious Japan had to forgo an indemnity she badly needed and accept a compromise peace because she could only fight on at the risk of national bankruptcy.

Now she has had to introduce rationing because lack of raw materials looks like getting her down again. Yet near at hand is—wealth untold.

And she could take it so easily. Within two days, perhaps, if the defence was left to Holland alone.

The Dutch have three cruisers, eight destroyers and thirteen submarines there.

The western channel is dominated by modern fortresses carrying heavy coastal artillery.

There are 140 modern bombing and fighter aircraft.

All useful for putting down any rising within the islands themselves, but, as for frightening Japan, the treasures might just as well go undefended.

That is, if you rule out Britain and France, with Singapore as their base.

And if you rule out the United States, now showing by her growls that she will stand no nonsense.

YET Japan will do nothing hasty.

She has a war-like government, but at heart the Japanese people like the British, just as at heart the British admire the Japanese.

What is more, Japan numbers the islanders among her best customers.

Labourers of Java and Sumatra can maintain a whole family on a penny a day. Given a patch of ground, they can be out-of-work for years without noticeable hardship.

Through contact with Western civilisation they have learned of high wages away over the seas, and are no longer content with the twopence a day that once satisfied them.

They receive from their employers far more than is necessary for their needs.

So Japan floods the rich East Indies with the cheap articles that appeal to the inhabitants.

Ten million pounds worth of such goods from Japan enter two Indies ports alone every year.

Japan has sixty million good customers in those islands, and Japan hates more than anything else in the world to offend a good customer.

But Japan needs that oil. . . .

The life-blood of the entire Japanese Navy has to be bought from a foreign Power.

They needed little until Western ideas permeated the rich isles of the East Indies. Now they are Japan's best customers . . .

And that rankles in the minds of a proud and ambitious people.

It has long been thought by many people that, in the event of a Pacific conflict, the first act of Japan would be to seize the Dutch East Indies and thus ensure uninterrupted supplies for her warships, warplanes and transport.

Britain knows that these Isles of Wealth represent the outpost defending the road to India from the Orient.

The United States cannot permit herself to take second place in what she will always regard as her own Pacific.

Helplessly, little Holland stands like a child on a country road with the whole family fortune in its hands.

Stands by looking round for wicked men.

And wicked men there are who would take the treasure from her.

But over the hedge she can see the faces of good men who would defend her.

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HOW PARACHUTE TROOPS WORK.—How the Army is fed and clothed—How soldiers go into action—What patrols and listening posts do—How an artillery barrage is made—How all kinds of big guns are made and fired—Types of tanks and how they work—How rifles, machine guns, hand grenades, flame throwers, anti-tank guns and gas cylinders work—How trenches and dugouts are made—How tank traps are laid, etc., etc.

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Bullet: Giant Germany—Next, Gaunt!

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Example: Our Charlady Says
Bullet: "Life's Cruel"—Them Slogs!

£5: Mrs. A Thomas, 47, Charlton Church Lane, Charlton, S.E. **As Usual—Lion's Late—"Sun's" Privilege! £4:** J W. Greenbank, 8, Queen Street, Kendal, Westmorland. **As One Man—To A Mother, Empire. £3:** Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Healey Wood Road, Burnley. **Gasbag Forgets—Tommies Hate Killing, Too!**

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MUSSOLINI'S GAME
FORGETTING THE WAR
A MIRACLE HAPPENED AND
BLITZKRIEG
PAYS DAD
SHORT OF MONEY
TO THE BITTER END
ANOTHER INCREASE
VANISHED
SONNY'S GETTING MARRIED, SO
PEEP INTO THE FUTURE
DISASTROUS
GOING TO WASTE
KICKING
ONLY ONCE
SHOWS HE'S NO FOOL
NOT SURPRISED
WHEN THE TRUTH'S KNOWN
OUR BREAD AND BUTTER

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

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THE NAVY'S .....
WRONG .....
WHEN ..... CAME
HOME
GIRL WHO CAN ...
UNFAIR .....

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Pause before you stick down that *Bullets* envelope! Have you enclosed your Address Label for *Bullets Bulletin*, cut from foot of Crossword Coupon on this page? You need the free weekly help which has guided hundreds of entrants to success, so do not miss this opportunity of securing your free copy for the mere payment of postage.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to separate pieces of paper, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

BONUSES value £2
The ten entrants for this Contest whose sets of Four "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive a Bonus Award value £2.

Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET
Example .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....
"BULLETS" 1,223
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JUNE 1

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____
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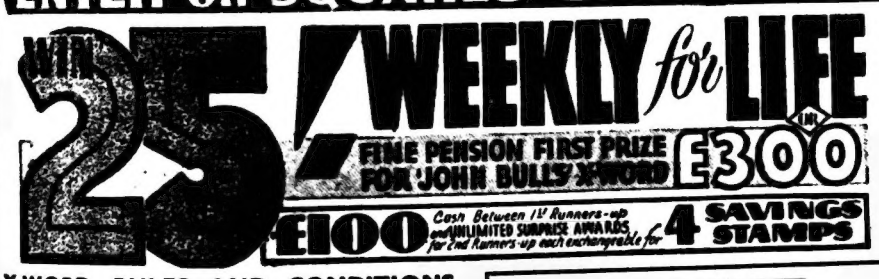
FOR YOUR HELPFUL FREE 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!


WIN £25 WEEKLY for LIFE
FINE PENSION FIRST PRIZE FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD
£300
£100 Cash Between 1st Runners-up and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS, for 2nd Runners-up each exchangeable for 4 SAVINGS STAMPS

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 1.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be firmly affixed to one separate piece of paper. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 13; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 204, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Certain kind of this is sweet
2. Manufacturers will be inconvenienced if this should be held up when snow causes railway chaos
5. Outfitter in sleepy old country town will probably have an old-fashioned one
10. As war goes on, cost of living is almost certain to do this
11. Man who takes up two seats in train might well be called this
15. The best coss available must be used for front-line aerodromes
16. Real old salt can do this well
17. At times this has to be cut to exact length

DOWN CLUES

1. Ordinary cloth is often sold as
3. What daring circus acrobat has to use
4. Owing to war it may be necessary to cut down this
6. Police aren't likely to find it hard to catch an old one
7. If able to get the material, clever tailor will be able to make a good one
8. The way a number of women use make-up is without this
9. You'll be wise never to leave tiny tot alone with one
10. Sensible shop won't do this if he wants to get anywhere quickly
12. It's not really difficult to cultivate this
13. This should be carefully chosen if it's to be a success
14. Busy shop in which clothes are dry-cleaned has constant need of one

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. (or Stamps on separate paper) for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 204, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 201.

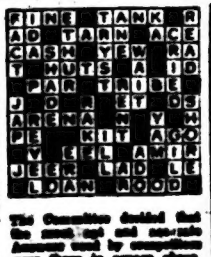
The following twenty competitors share £300, each receiving £17 10s. for out of most meritorious Answers, seen on right.

G. H. Bruty, 12, The Brent, Dartford; W. A. Buckitt, 34, Queen Street, Brimington, Chesterfield; Mrs. H. Dean, 72, Queen's Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. G. Dickson, 5, Lansdowne Gdns., Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Graham, Fyfes Cott., Dronsville, Leuchars; A. E. Harris, 697, Hillsborough Road, Croydon; J. H. Howard, 94, Learmouth Avenue, Edinburgh; E. J. Hubert, 93, Winborne Road, Southend-on-Sea; C. H. F. Hutchcraft, 11, Hartfield Road, Bromley; E. Parker, 1, Herbert St., West Leigh, Salford; Mrs. H. Parsons, 29, Linden Rd., Romford, Essex; J. S. Radcliffe, 15, Pelford Road, Bebington, Cheshire; E. Rogers, Castleboy, Ballycastle, Co. Donegal; A. Schaller, 9, Millwall Gdns., Woodford Green, Essex; H. Schofield, 201, Astley St., Hattersley, Cheshire; Mrs. R. Slocum, 6, Pelford Road, West Kirby; A. Thomas, Queen's Hotel, Hastings; Mrs. E. A. Thomson, 6a, Collingwood Road, Redland, Bristol; J. Underwood, 130, Ashville Road, Walkley, Cheshire; Mrs. H. Watt, Bunleigh, Alcester Road, Wythall, Birmingham.

£100 First Runners-up Award is shared between 167 entrants, each receiving 12s. 0d.

Surprise Awards, exchangeable for four Savings Stamps, for each of 1,676 Second Runners-up.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Fine. 5. Tank. 9. Tarn. 10. Ace. 11. Cash. 12. Yew. 13. Ra. 14. Tut. 15. Sa. 16. Id. 17. Par. 18. Tribe. 21. Jet. 22. Ds. 23. Arena. 24. Net. 25. Y. 26. M. 28. Pe. 29. Kit. 30. Ago. 31. Y. 32. Eel. 33. Amin. 34. Jeer. 35. Lad. 36. Le. 37. Ldan. 38. Rood.
Down—1. Fact. 2. Rant. 3. Ace. 4. Ash. 5. W.H. 6. Rat. 7. Jap. 8. Zebs. 12. Slow. 14. Revel. 15. Tam.



The Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Feature." To secure your FREE COPY use address label on right.

WIN £250 FREE!
If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current effort.

FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 15, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
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.....

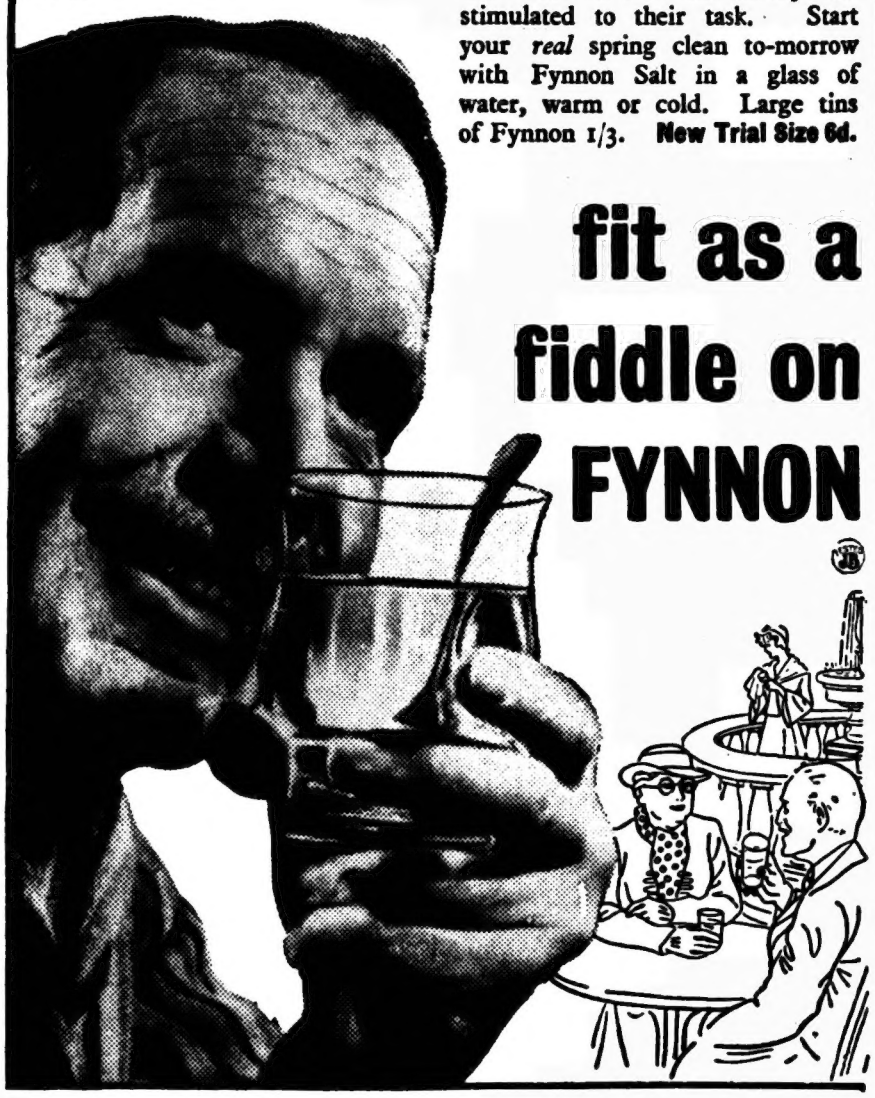
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

To flush the kidneys dissolve uric acid cleanse the blood—

TAKE THE SPA CURE AT HOME

Nature's cleansing agents for the human body spring from the earth in the waters of famous Spas. The most powerful of these—**sodium, potassium and lithium**—are combined for you in Fynnon Salt. Now you can take your Spa cure at home!

The body's waste turns to acid and leaves its jagged deposits in joint and muscle. Make a glass of Fynnon your first duty every morning and these poisons will be rinsed away. Pimples vanish, excess fat drops away and the blood cools and clears as liver and kidneys are stimulated to their task. Start your *real* spring clean to-morrow with Fynnon Salt in a glass of water, warm or cold. Large tins of Fynnon 1/3. **New Trial Size 6d.**



fit as a fiddle on FYNNON

"It's all very well to laugh when you get a scratch, but you never know what may happen. That's why we use Family Health Soap every day," *says Mrs. Healthy*

Take the case of Mr. Jones next door

1
He was sawing some wood and he grazed his hand. Quite badly too. And, do you know, he went right on sawing!
2
I called over the fence to him "You go and wash that with Family Health Soap" I said "or you'll get dirt in and then there'll be trouble"
3
Well, he and his wife came in to tea yesterday and Mrs. Jones said how glad she was I'd warned him about the dangers of dirt-bred germs. "We're all Family Health users now" she said "regular users too"

* There's no truer saying than "prevention is better than cure." It's a lot cheaper too. And the best protection you can have against the germs in dirt is to wash regularly with Family Health Soap.

EVERY WASH A SURE PROTECTION

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Still the happiest and healthiest resort in the world—still offering you the finest holiday of your life. Holiday pleasures on a greater scale than ever before, no rationing of tonic air, no shortage of accommodation.

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SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness.
Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.
The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day.
To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion—1/6, 3/6, 8/-.
For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin—6/-.
(One month's supply.)
From all Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores.
L-101-L

STOMACH RELIEF OR MONEY REFUNDED

Don't suffer another day with that **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, AFTER MEAL PAIN** or **NIGHT ATTACKS OF SICKNESS!** Don't be threatened with **ULCERATION** and possibly **OPERATION.** Get relief by taking **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is sold only on the understanding of money back if not satisfied. If a 1/3 bottle does not bring you relief, return the empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But ask for and see that you get **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** which is only genuine if it bears the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" on bottle, carton or tin.

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MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder *From all Chemists* 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

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